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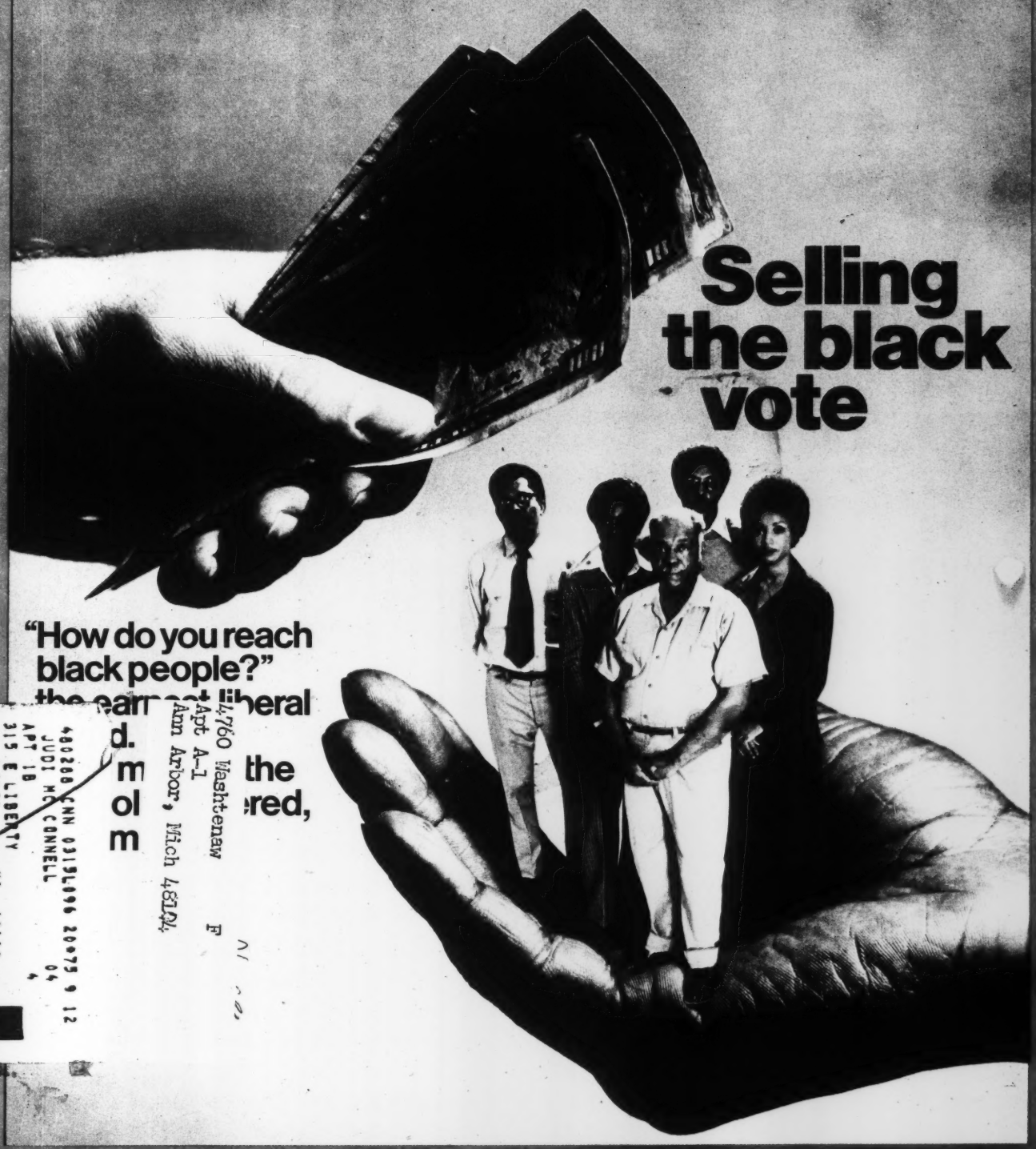
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

NEW TIMES



Selling the black vote

"How do you reach black people?" the earnest liberal
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WITH EACH NEW ALBUM, IT WAS A DIFFERENT DYLAN. AND THE QUESTION WAS ALWAYS POSED: WHICH IS THE REAL ONE? BUT OF COURSE THEY ALL WERE REAL. THEY WERE FILLED WITH THE TRUTH. BUT WHO WAS THE MAN WHO MADE THEM?

WE STUDIED HIS ENIGMATIC PHOTOGRAPHS, BUT THERE WERE NO CLUES IN THAT BRITTLE STARE. IN HIS INTERVIEWS, HE PUT US ON. IN HIS FILM, HE PUT US DOWN. HE WAS KING OF BAD BOYS, AND HE WAS ALWAYS IN IMPERIAL SECLUSION.

EVERY SO OFTEN HE'D COME OUT OF THE SHADOWS IN SOME BOLD NEW INCARNATION: WOODY G. DYLAN, COWBOY BOB, WOODSTOCK BOB, THE LEGEND-KILLER, THE LEGEND. AND THEN HE'D DISAPPEAR AGAIN.

NOW, SUDDENLY, HERE'S THIS STARTLINGLY *EXPOSED* FIGURE STANDING IN THE SUNLIGHT. COULD THIS BE "THE REAL BOB DYLAN"? WE STILL CAN'T KNOW.

BUT WE DO KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING PROFOUNDLY DIFFERENT ABOUT THIS ALBUM.

WE DON'T KNOW WHAT CHANGE HAS COME ABOUT IN DYLAN'S LIFE. MAYBE EVEN HE DOESN'T. IN ANY CASE, HE ISN'T SAYING.

BUT THERE'S EVIDENCE. AND YOU CAN JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

ON COLUMBIA RECORDS AND TAPES

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NEW TIMES, February 21, 1975, Volume 4, Number 4

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LETTERS

Beware the hazards

I am amazed that Amanda Spake was able to complete and file her report about "South Carolina's Silent Death Factory" in the January 24 issue. Drive carefully, Amanda.

I am sure that with the high unemployment of the work force today, this is the psychologically right time to push construction on hazardous and possibly disastrous facilities like the Barnwell Nuclear Fuel Plant. Politicians of the Solomon Blatt and Edgar Brown type know that people welcome money—even if it's dirty. What is most frightening is that it will take a million or more people dying, billions of dollars damage and untold genetic damage to children yet to be born before such madness will be stopped.

Until that occurs, all I'm able to say is, "Thank God I live in Montana!"

Chuck Peters
Superior, Montana

Acquitted

Lizzie Borden took an axe
And gave her parents forty whacks.
For Ms. Kole's wrist, a tiny tap:
Lizzie Borden beat the rap.
("Women Who Murder," January 24)

Dorothy G. Weatherby
Columbia, Maryland

Editor's Note: Thanks for making the point for us. A full confession was in the works.

With great interest I read your January 24 article pertaining to the preferential treatment women may receive in a court of law.

Something similar was mentioned in the 1813 copy of the *Constable's Guide*. A section of Chapter 5 deals with those "privileged from arrest." Married women were immune to the law, as were congressmen's servants and servicemen's companions. Any arrests made on Sunday were null and void. Of course, this was in New York State, prior to the pressure of urban sprawl.

Mark Goldfarb
Memphis, Tennessee

Our etherized state

Re: James S. Kunen's January 24 Slow Down ("What will '75 be like?") about the etherized state of the world at present. He pats himself on the back for not even giving "a damn who won the Super Bowl." A mean feat. I don't know when it was played, where it was played or who played in it. And I don't give a damn either!

Charles Martin
New London, Connecticut

An enlightening morning

This began as any other uneventful Wednesday. I arose, dressed and drove to the bus stop. Somehow, the "Limited" had left without me and I was forced to take the "Express," which, unfortunately, gets me to work too soon and is usually filled with the kinds of people who upset me at 7 a.m. My worst fears were realized. I found myself surrounded by business types reading 1974 federal income tax forms, business publications and, for variety, *Reader's Digest*.

Having resigned myself to a day of anger and depression, I rebelliously pulled out my January 10 edition of *New Times* and read Janet Maslin's article on Randy Newman. Many smiles and stifled chuckles later, I felt much better. I may even begin writing music again. And its only 7:30 a.m.!

Thank you *New Times*. Thank you Ms. Maslin. God love you, Randy Newman.

Sam R. Culotta
Glendora, California

Zeroing in

It's a damn shame for all the creative, talented, struggling females everywhere, particularly in the motion picture industry, that the only bankable female star is the Lucille Ball of the '70s, Barbra Streisand ("Collision on Rainbow Road," January 24). She has zero social consciousness, zero creativity, zero acting talent. Now with the onset of Jon the Ego leading her around by the tail, she appears to have zero intelligence.

Jan Drexler
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Who gives a damn about Barbra Streisand and her hairdresser?

B. Menninger
Franconia, New Hampshire

Right on!

Florence King's Final Tribute just has to be the best thing you've published to date. Thanks.

F. Hap Kimma
Holmes, New York

Will *Reader's Digest* take no for an answer?

SLOW DOWN

By James S. Kunen

"This is the ticket to my ship—which is coming in," my friend Phil said, pointing proudly at his *Reader's Digest* Grand Prize Certificate. Its intricately engraved blue border gave it the look of a gold mine share or law degree or something of that sort.

"And I'm not taking any chances," Phil declared. "I'm sending it back in the 'YES' envelope."

As you undoubtedly know, you have a choice of two envelopes in which to return your Grand Prize Certificate. Both are emblazoned with red seals designating them "Official Entry Envelope." But one is marked "YES" and one, "NO." If you use the "YES" envelope, you are agreeing to try a subscription to the *Digest*, and your entry goes to "Box 43." If you use the "NO" envelope, you are declining to try a subscription, and your entry goes to "Box 44."

Phil thinks that "Box 44" is circular and is emptied every night by the janitor.

I'd heard there was a crisis of confidence in America, but Phil really shocked me.

"You're not suggesting. . . ," I gasped. Phil smiled knowingly.

Phil had touched a sensitive point with me. I've always suffered nagging doubts about all the drawings I've entered by submitting a 3" x 5" card with the product's name "hand-printed in block letters" in lieu of a label. I was never completely sure just exactly what "block letters" were, anyway. And were 2.9" x 5.1" cards immediately winnowed out and destroyed? How naive have I been?

Carolyn Davis, who signed my Certificate and the letter that came with it, had seemed to anticipate a certain amount of skepticism. She wrote, in part, "As a prize-winner from THE NORTHEASTERN part of our country, you would join the RANKS OF 44,822 OTHER LUCKY NEW YORK families. Many of these people, from towns like BROOKLYN AND THE BRONX, never thought they would win anything in their lives. But they did, and now you can, too, MR. KUNEN." I called her at the *Digest* to ask about this YES/NO thing.

"She's not here," the lady who answered the phone told me.

No truer words were ever spoken. "Carolyn Davis" doesn't exist. She's a pseudonym for the Sales Department, as was subsequently explained to me by the circulation director, a Mr. Ronnenberg—judging by his telephone voice, an extremely affable fellow, as befits a man working in Pleasantville, N.Y. Mr. Ronnenberg assured me that the "NO" replies have a chance of winning equal to the "YES's."

"You know, we have to clear these sweepstakes with the Federal Trade Commission, because legislators had the same feeling you did," he said. "Most of our winners are people who said 'NO.' "

Legislators aside, he continued, it's important to *Reader's Digest* not to scare people into saying "YES." "That's bad business. Because then they'll say 'YES' and not pay for the subscription."

Then why does the *Digest* run the game? It must cost them a fortune.

"It costs a hell of a lot of money," Mr. Ronnenberg agreed. "We mail out about 40 million pieces. It comes to $10 or $12 million all together."

But how can you afford it? I asked.

"It's the cheapest way to do it!" Mr. Ronnenberg enthused. "The name of the sweeps game is getting people to read the mail. Our per order cost is much lower than with no sweepstakes, because people *read* it. It comes the first of the month with all the bills, and they see it's a chance to win some money. So they open it up and read it. You send out a regular direct mail pitch—everybody throws it away. *That*'s expensive."

Mr. Ronnenberg declined to tell me how many Certificates are returned, except to say "a whole lot. A tremendous number. And the majority are 'NO's.' "

Each Certificate bares six entry numbers—"because six is more dramatic than one," Mr. Ronnenberg says. They're all live numbers. One person could conceivably win more than once.

Of course, it's considerably more likely that you'll win less than once. If, say, there are 30 million entries, the odds against your winning the $24,000 Grand Prize are 30,000,000 to 1. Compared to that, you're an odds-on favorite to have the man on *Dialing-for-Dollars* pick your name out of the phonebook and call you when you're home, you're watching *Dialing-for-Dollars* and your phone's working.

Some people mock those who invest 50¢ in the New York State Lottery. They say you might as well take a 50¢ piece, throw it into the woods and wherever it lands, start digging. If you strike buried treasure, you win. But the State Lottery's a sure shot compared to the *Digest* Sweeps—only about 1,000,000 to 1 for the $250,000 top prize.

I figure my chances in the *Digest* Sweeps are about the same as my chances of having a parachuting skyjacker drop a briefcase full of money into the flower box on my windowsill.

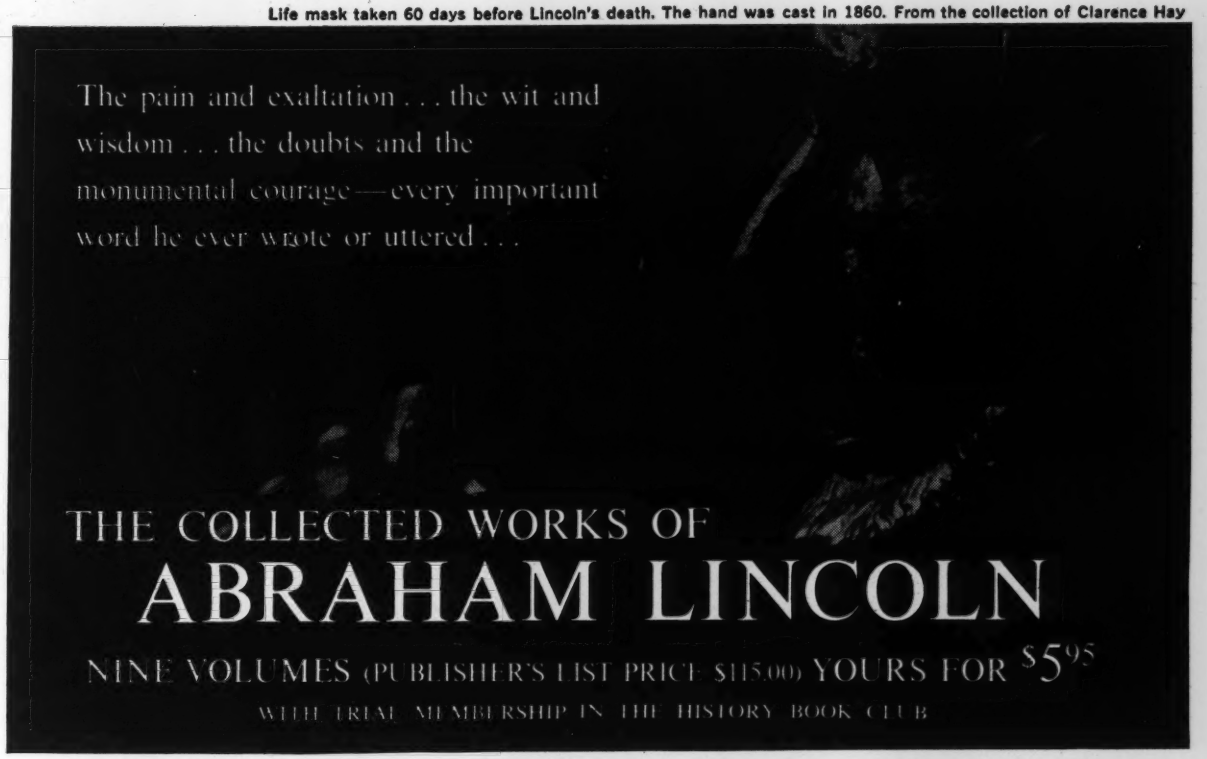
And yet. And yet . . . . Could this be the one instance, in a universe bound by the Law of Conservation of Energy, in which you really *can* get something for nothing? It doesn't even cost a stamp. And you don't have to make a fool of yourself in public by wearing a button advertising a radio station, or lose all your friends by answering your phone "WXYZ plays more hits!" instead of "hello." You just have to humiliate yourself a little bit, and privately, by allowing *Reader's Digest*—purveyor of articles by Melvin Laird to 17 million subscribers—to cause you to hope.

Myself, I'd really like to hang the Certificate on my wall, to show that I didn't fall for it. Because I know it's 30,000,000 to 1. And I think I have a pretty good understanding of what 30,000,000 is.

It's the 1 that gets me. ●

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay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Memories of Mayday

FULMINATIONS

By Larry L. King

Mr. William Safire has recently fulminated in the New York *Times* against a "sensitive" jury awarding $12 million to some 14,000 American citizens swept up in mass arrests by District of Columbia police on "Mayday" 1971. He says this works an unfair burden on taxpayers who must pony up the damages money, and he dithyrambs against the American Civil Liberties Union—the organization bringing the lawsuit—for seeking such victories as may "stand justice on its head."

"These rioters," we are informed, "were not gentle souls carrying candles, but largely the toughs and crazies who marred the peace movement. As they proceeded to slash tires, terrorize motorists and pedestrians, and roll cans of garbage into the streets, the District of Columbia police moved to prevent anarchy.

"Unlike the reaction in Chicago in 1968, there were no police charges to crack skulls; nor was there any panicked use of firearms as in Jackson State or Kent State. Instead, the D.C. police rounded up some 14,000 of the rampaging terrorizers and made them guests of the city in a football stadium overnight.

"The real threat of mob rule had been averted with a minimal application of force. The civil liberty of the law-abiding citizen to walk on a public street or drive to work had been protected."

Well, I was in Washington that Mayday (not as a demonstrator, but as a law-abiding resident trying to walk on a public street), and I find Mr. Safire, both in his conclusions and in his recollections, as full of stuff as a fat goose. Reading his version of events, one might assume that D.C. policemen had gently led an army of crazies into Robert F. Kennedy stadium by the nearest elbow, there offering them tail-gate suppers and an exhibition by the Washington Redskins. That is not how it was.

Demonstrators—whether rowdy or peaceful—were locked into police vans and trucks and dumped into an open, fenced-in practice field offering no protection from the elements. Neither were they supplied food, water or medical attention. Some had been severely tear-gassed; a number had suffered cuts, lumps or bruises while being so gently detained. Among these were hundreds who were *not* demonstrators. Because they were luckless enough to be on the streets during the police sweep—going to classes at George Washington University, attending to their commerce, walking their dogs—they found themselves in a nightmare out of Kakfa. These included an 83-year-old woman, teenagers, businessmen, people with health problems. None was permitted to call his or her lawyer; some were held 24 hours without their families knowing where they were or what had happened to them. Such facts appeared in the newspapers at the time, and the jury awarding the $12 million heard testimony to that effect.

It is my suspicion that Mr. Safire and I were in close proximity on that Mayday 1971: it seems reasonable to assume he was in the White House, performing his job as an aide to President Richard M. Terrible. Had he gazed

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL ABRAMSON

but across the lawn with the ability to see around corners, he might have observed a scene he possibly would have marked down as a case of the guilty fleeing where the righteous pursueth.

I was walking to one of those evil places where ideas are sold. They are called "bookstores." I *knew* of the Mayday fuss, yes. Indeed, I had made a decision against participating. Call it the coward's way, but having marched and whooped and—yes!—carried candles for four years, without having visibly changed the minds or hearts of two presidents, I simply had no stomach for another fruitless exercise. For days, statements from Police Chief Jerry Wilson and John Mitchell's Department of Justice had vowed that peace loonies would not be permitted to "shut down the government." I knew from radio accounts that some "peaceniks" had attempted to stop cars, had kicked over garbage cans or otherwise had become rowdy. But this was America, I was a free man and so I thought to risk a walk.

Two blocks from my destination I heard a great clatter. Down the sidewalk came perhaps ten citizens—young, middle-aged, men, women—running at their best gaits, some crying, some fleeing in wide-eyed wonder, *all* pursued by policemen shouting and waving their arms and cursing. Though a fat man shy of natural quickness, I instinctively angled away from the crowd at maximum speeds. "Stop, you son-of-a-bitch!" a cop shouted. As I heard his footsteps behind me, I incredibly flashed on the James Fenimore Cooper hero being chased by three Indians through woods and stream, sunset and night. Then, like Rabbit Angstrom of John Updike's later literary work, I ran mindlessly and only to escape.

I don't know why I escaped. A clatter—wood on concrete—indicates a cop may have fallen; perhaps he stopped to retrieve his nightstick. Maybe he veered off to chase someone else. Whatever. It amounts to freedom by luck of the draw. I dashed around corners, up an alley and plunged, wheezing, into a drugstore. Though it lasted but seconds, I shall never forget it. After a half-hour, feeling much the fugitive, I lurked in a doorway until a cab had been safely hailed and stole home.

Even had I not marginally shared the terror, I would dispute Mr. Safire's thesis. Had his President not publicly branded peaceful demonstrators as "bums" and said he would pay them no mind, then Americans might not have become increasingly militant. When he speaks of violence by crazies, I must allude to insanity among government officials who bombed and killed in Vietnam while questioning the patriotism of those begging peace. When he objects to the $12 million awarded by the Mayday jury on grounds of taxpayers' burdens, I invite comparison with the billions of tax dollars wasted in the war we couldn't stop. When he bleats of the freedom of innocent Washingtonians threatened by street crazies, I think of the freedoms of countless Asian refugees. And I say to Mr. Safire in closing: surely the State has a greater obligation to exercise maximum care than does the individual, as all powerful advantages repose in the State. One would have assumed an old Nixon man would know that, by now. ●

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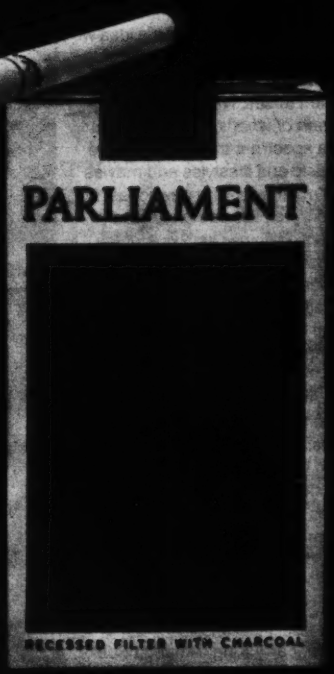

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NEW TIMES

The Mouse that Roars

Unreleased Nixon tapes of Supreme interest

THE INSIDER

POWER POLITICS

Titanic tidbits

When Leon Jaworski appeared before a House subcommittee recently to oppose the release of all Watergate evidence related to Richard Nixon, he mentioned that there were still some "juicy" tidbits on tape that had not been released publicly. Jaworski, as usual, was conservative in his choice of words; the unreleased information is downright sensational. There are, for example, a couple of taped Nixon-Colson conversations in which the former President rips into Henry Kissinger. And there is a 20-minute Nixonian diatribe on the Supreme Court, in which Nixon blasts even his own four appointees by name and makes nasty racial remarks about Justice Thurgood Marshall. The Supreme Court tape was deemed by the prosecutors to be so shocking that they withheld it even from the Grand Jury—the only bit of evidence to warrant such treatment.

The spy who came out from the White House

With the release of the FBI report on Richard Nixon's dalliance with a lady in Hong Kong some years back, Washington is a-buzz with other bits of gossip that might soon emerge from the FBI treasure trove. Much of the speculation concerns Lyndon Johnson, who apparently had a mania for keeping tabs on his rivals. One story has it that LBJ had the G-men tail one Republican senator and a girlfriend to the parking lot of the Jefferson Memorial one night, and photograph what transpired therein. LBJ, who subsequently entertained friends with the shots in the White House, was reportedly particularly fond of the part where the senator disappeared in the car below window-level.

MARK GODFREY/MAGNUM

Jackson: generous to a fault

Jackson beginning to see red

Scoop Jackson, though still widely regarded as the frontrunner for the Democratic presidential nomination, is in worse financial shape than is generally known. Jackson has reportedly been paying astronomical salaries to his aides—$90,000 to campaign manager Bob Keefe, $40,000 to a regional desk manager, $35,000 to an advance man—and it is by no means certain that his fund-raising efforts can keep pace with his spending. At a Washington meeting recently, Jackson is said to have confided to key aides that at the rate his incipient campaign has been dishing out dollars, he could be broke before he even formally announces. According to one staffer who attended the meeting, Jackson's staff is due for a major cutback.

WIDE WORLD

LBJ: photo buff

Going to Church

A number of important liberal moneymen and political operatives are looking at Idaho Senator Frank Church as a possible Democratic presidential nominee in 1976—and Church is doing nothing to cool their ardor. Church feels that Arizona's Mo Udall has not caught on and that he, Church, is well-equipped to fill what one of his staffers calls "the Mondale vacuum" as the liberal hope. In recent weeks, at least two delegations of prominent liberals have trooped up to Church's Senate office to encourage just that kind of thinking. For the moment, though, Church is preoccupied with chairing the new Senate intelligence committee investigating the CIA, a role that he realizes could serve as a springboard to national prominence.

Anti-bomb squad

Don't look for any more bombshells from the Special Prosecutor's Office. Henry Ruth, Leon Jaworski's successor as special prosecutor, wants to wind down—despite the fact that there appears to be more dirt for the digging. Ruth has already vetoed several prosecutions and investigations which might have resulted in convictions, and it looks like the few big fish not yet hauled in—notably Bebe Rebozo—might end up off the hook.

Rocky bears right

Senate observers expect Nelson Rockefeller's first action as presiding officer of the upper chamber to further alienate him from the party's liberal-moderate wing: Sometime in the next two weeks, Rockefeller will be called upon to make a procedural ruling in the fight to severely limit filibusters. Opponents of the change in filibuster rules—which would allow debates to be cut off by a vote of three-fifths of those present rather than the present two-thirds—will make the motion that such a change itself requires a two-thirds vote.

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WIDE WORLD

Rockefeller: fillibusters' friend?

Proponents will move that a mere simple majority is needed. If, as expected, Rockefeller rules in favor of those who oppose a change, the anti-filibuster bill could itself be filibustered, probably killing it for this session.

Undemocratic Democrats

New Hampshire's Durkin-Wyman race, the closest Senate contest in the nation's history, has been sent to the Senate Rules Committee—which is exactly where New Hampshire Democrats want it. Besides the fact that Democrat John Durkin's position is bound to get a sympathetic hearing in the Democrat-dominated committee, the Dems have—at least for the moment—avoided what they view as a disastrous alternative: another election. Durkin, who used his limited funds wisely in the fall, is now flat broke, while his Republican opponent, Louis Wyman, is believed to be still well financed. Moreover, William Loeb's Manchester *Union Leader*, the largest paper in the state, remained neutral during the first race, but is ready to endorse Wyman in a re-run. Then too, after months of resisting the new election that his opponent favors, Durkin has been cast in the public mind as something of an anti-democrat. In an election that was dead even the first time around, any one of those factors would seem to be enough to insure a Wyman victory.

UPI

Rocky Jr.: breeding tells

Did he buy the election?

At the prestigious Buckley School for Boys in New York City, the fifth grade class has quietly delegated financial responsibility to an appropriate figure. This year's class treasurer is 10-year-old Nelson Rockefeller Jr. School officials refused to comment on the young tycoon's performance, but the class anticipates no heavy deficit spending.

Nader stands pat for Patman

Ralph Nader, for 15 years the national gadfly, has long agitated to abolish the seniority system in Congress. But when militant freshmen Democrats in the new 94th Congress began doing just that, Nader organized a spirited (and, some think, misguided) defense of crusty old Wright Patman of Texas, once considered something of a crusader on economic issues. Nader wrote letters,

WIDE WORLD

Nader: Wright on

made telephone calls and urged the formation of a pro-Patman cadre to make arm-twisting forays among House members. When Patman lost out as chairman of Banking and Currency anyway, Nader appeared to have unwisely invested his own congressional coin.

There are several reasons why his defense of Patman astonished and angered some Democrats normally friendly to Nader's causes. At 82, Congressman Patman seemed to have lost his former crusading vigors while retaining instincts toward institutional despotism—an evil that Nader himself has criticized in others, and the main grievance prompting the freshmen revolt. Secondly, the man who defeated Patman, Wisconsin's Henry Reuss, 62, owns liberal and intellectual credentials and is one of the more respected House members. Third, pro-reform congressmen felt Nader had sold them out. "It's damned embarrassing," one of them said, "to see Ralph Nader jumping through his ass to save one old man at the expense of a principle he's always espoused."

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Julie: whereabouts unknown

Where are they now?

If you call the number listed with Information for the Western White House in San Clemente, you get a recording that tells you, "The number you have reached is not in service at this time. There is no new number." And if you happen to be an alumna of Smith College in search of Julie Nixon Eisenhower, your listing of the Class of 1970 will show her to be one of seven women with "no known address."

SEVENTIES

Hell on earth

When the federal government's Bureau of Land Management recently sold 660 acres to large landowners in Goshen County, Wyoming, at $1.25 an acre, a lot of people in the area cried bloody murder. A number of them have now gotten together, under the banner of the People's Land Cooperative, to demand that the government begin selling parcels of two to five acres of the 171 million acres of public land in 11 Western states at $5 an acre, as stipulated in the Small Tract Act of 1938.

The head of the group, whose slogan is "Every man a king, land to the people," is a housepainter from Torrington, Wyoming, named Al Hamburg. Hamburg has announced that his group will petition the government to begin selling the land, and, if that fails, he promises to file a class action suit in U.S. District Court.

In the meantime, Hamburg has personally claimed five acres near Torrington and has staked out a town which he calls Hell, Wyoming; he has squatter's rights to the land, he says, because of the improvements he has made upon it. "I have made two families of prairie dogs honorary citizens of Hell," he explains, "and have presented each with a small wooden doghouse that I have buried underground for them. And I have erected a town sign staking out the business district."

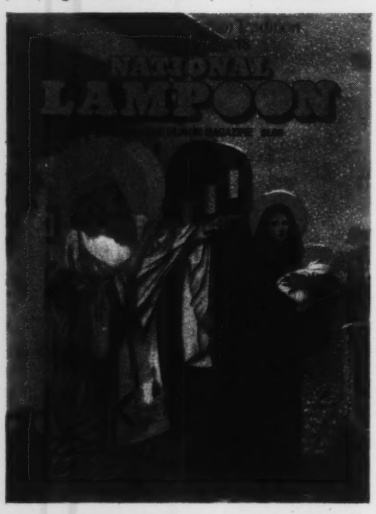
MEDIA

The Judeo-Christian tradition strikes back

Throughout its five-year history, the *National Lampoon* has been unabashedly dumping on anything and everyone: cancer victims, cripples, women, children, blacks and American Indians. Nonetheless, protests—organized or individual—have been rare.

Then came religion. The December *Lampoon*, in an issue called "The Judeo-Christian tradition," lambasted equally Jews, Catholics and Protestants. Negative letters came in at a record rate. In mid-December the Catholic League for Civil Rights, the same civil rights group that pressured 39 CBS affiliates to cancel the controversial *Maude* abortion show reruns, turned its wrath on the *Lampoon*. Stuart Hubbell, the feisty director of the Traverse City, Michigan-based organization, called the magazine "a product of sick minds" and rushed off a letter to its 24 major advertisers.

Apparently, Hubbell himself is not given to temporizing language. Consider an excerpt from his letter: "Even the atheistical, arch-Nazi propagandist Dr. Joseph Goebbels in



his heyday of religious abuse did not surpass the *Lampoon*'s December issue. In text and pictures the magazine reaches a new low in ridiculing religious beliefs. . . ." Hubbell asked advertisers to protest to the *Lampoon* and consider withdrawing future ads; given the *Maude* success, he apparently expected results.

But he didn't get them. "The great majority did not respond to our letter. I've never seen this kind of lack of response," he said last week. *Lampoon* Senior Editor Sean Kelley finds it more comprehensible: "Most of our advertisers know what they're advertising in. They'd advertise in *Leprosy Monthly* if it had a wide enough circulation."

Good sports that they are, the *Lampoon* people have offered Hubbell's group free reply space in an upcoming issue. Hubbell is skeptical that it will do any good, but the latest word is he plans to accept.

EDUCATION

Grade inflation

College grade point averages—which have long been used to sort out the winners and losers in the competition for graduate school seats, fellowships, and jobs—have risen dramatically over the last decade. A study of "grade inflation" by Arvo Juola, a researcher at Michigan State, found that the average mark given on 200 campuses climbed nearly half a letter grade between 1960 and 1973, although the rate of increase slowed after the peak of student activism in the late 1960s.

In the 19-campus California State University and Colleges system, another analysis discovered that 68 percent of all grades in one recent term were A's or B's. "A student may go home with all A's feeling very proud," said one Cal State trustee. "But, hell, if three quarters of the idiots in the school also get A's, what does it mean?"

It apparently doesn't mean that students are getting smarter—average scores on college entrance exams have been going down slightly while the grades have been going up. But there are several theories about the grade phenomenon. One of the most popular is that younger faculty members—deeply affected by student activists' criticism of elitism and authoritarianism in university policies—have reacted by getting slacker in their grading practices. Another factor may be that students are getting more adept at protecting their GPA's by choosing "pass-fail" or other liberal grading options. At Indiana University, for instance, liberal arts students are now allowed to petition for "academic bankruptcy" and wipe out all grades for a particularly disastrous term.

—By Larry Van Dyne

HEALTH

By Marlon Steinmann

A stitch in time

The latest abortion statistics—recently released by the Public Health Service's Center for Disease Control in Atlanta—confirm what everyone has suspected: the earlier in a pregnancy a woman has an abortion, the safer it is. For a gestation of less than eight weeks, the mortality rate is only 0.5 maternal deaths per 100,000 legal abortions. Between nine and ten weeks, the death rate more than triples, to 1.7 per 100,000. Between 11 and 12 weeks, it jumps to 4.2; and between 13 and 15 weeks, it is 6.9. Between 16 and 20 weeks, it soars to 17.4 deaths per 100,000—nearly 35 times the rate in the first eight weeks. Abortion during the first three months of pregnancy, the Center for Disease Control notes, is still ten times safer than childbirth.

POST SCRIPTS

Walking short (Sept. 6)

Buford Pusser, the late sheriff of McNairy County, Tennessee, who was immortalized in an exciting but largely inaccurate (see the *New Times* piece) film called *Walking Tall*, will have his legend puffed up a bit further in a new film entitled *Walking Tall, Part II*.

The new project, budgeted at $2 million, began shooting in Jackson County, Tennessee, on February 5.

Pusser: heroic nonsense (Part II)

Before he died under suspicious circumstances in a car crash in late August of last year, Pusser, who craved notoriety, was slated to portray himself. The part will now be played by Bo Svenson, whom the producers of the film claim bears an incredible resemblance to Pusser.

If anything, Pusser's achievements will likely be even more exaggerated in *Part II* than they were in the original; the film is, after all, based on Pusser's own account of his life, as related to screenwriter Howard B. Kreitsek. " 'If anything ever happens to me,' " Kreitsek recalls Pusser telling him, in what is undoubtedly a preview of the kind of nobility that will permeate the film, " 'I want you to be sure and finish telling my story.' "

But posterity isn't all the makers of *Part II* have in mind. The first film grossed a spectacular $55 million, and they figure that, with Pusser on the scene or not, there's a lot more where that came from.

South Boston (Nov. 15)

A Federal Grand Jury in Boston is reportedly weighing criminal indictments against some of the whites involved in the violence which has accompanied the integration of schools in South Boston. Indeed, some of those South Boston mothers' groups may soon discover that they have been the objective of infiltrators and conspiracy statutes, the way antiwar groups and Black Panthers used to be.

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The new hustlers

By Robert Sam Anson

"And how could you find out the identity of those leaders of the people. Simple. In their righteous wrath, they would rise up and confront *you. . . . Therefore, when somebody rises up in the ghetto and confronts you, then you know he's a leader of the people."*

—Tom Wolfe
Radical Chic and Mau-Mauing the Flak Catchers

A few years ago, during one of his periodic campaigns for Congress, Allard Lowenstein was visited by one of the district's leading black organizers. The organizer came right to the point. He was a powerful force in the black community, he told Lowenstein, and his services, and those of his organization, could be helpful to Lowenstein's campaign. The organizer said he knew that Lowenstein had done much on behalf of black people, that he had been a friend of Martin King, had organized in the South, been jailed in Mississippi and now faced a conservative, even racist opponent. Lowenstein's victory, he said, would also be a victory for black people. But, he said, there was the matter of the proper "wherewithal." Lowenstein didn't even blink. "How much," he shot back bluntly. "Ten thousand," came the equally blunt reply. "Nothing doing," said Lowenstein. The organizer turned on his heels and walked out the door. Lowenstein's advisers were horrified. He had treated the organizer, they said, almost as if he were a common blackmailer. "Well?" shrugged Lowenstein.

Lowenstein had just run into what politicians call "the hustle," the sometimes crude, sometimes sophisticated shakedown that awaits white liberals who either want or need black votes—"our share of the white man's burden," as one liberal politician put it with a rueful laugh. There was nothing very unusual about Lowenstein's encounter; the buying and selling of black support has become axiomatic among politicians. Instead of demanding "wherewithal," the organizer could have said he was running a voter registration campaign or a get-out-the-vote drive; he could have been a "people's publisher" seeking advertising for his newspaper, a minister looking for a donation for his flock, a "community activist" seeking to make "ghetto youth" a part of the Democratic process. The form differs, but the results are the same—damn few.

Votes have always been sold—for influence and patronage. But black politicians have added a new twist: they sell their endorsements and backing for cash, and to the highest bidder

The black hustle has become—indeed, has been for years—a commonplace as far as many politicians are concerned, a nasty, if necessary, part of the messy business of getting elected. "There is one way you deal with the black vote," says a liberal Democratic leader from Tennessee. "In cash." "It is so pervasive that few people even bother to question it," a Washington-based political consultant says of the hustle. "They just assume that the way to get the black vote is to buy it."

Not that every black politician or organizer is automatically a hustler. There are the Julian Bonds and Tom Bradleys and Ron Dellums (and, among browns, men like Cesar Chavez of the farm workers), not to mention thousands of other lesser known, though no less dedicated organizers, black and brown, who cannot be bought, whose only thought is for their people and their community. All the same, many white politicians today have been totally cynicized about the motives and methods of black politicians. "They don't," says a disgusted former aide to a Democratic presidential candidate, "call it *black*mail for nothing." Increasingly, that cynicism is shared by black organizers themselves, who, while reluctant to talk publicly about the hustle's existence ("The eleventh commandment among blacks is do not snitch on another black," explains a black politician in Atlanta), and holding out scant sympathy for the whites that pay ("They are even more guilty than the blacks who take it," says a Chicago organizer), privately acknowledge the existence of large-scale hustling. "How many black politicians don't hustle and don't tolerate the hustle under any circumstances?" a black organizer in Atlanta asks

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE COOPER

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE COOPER

rhetorically. "Very few, my man, very few."

The news that bodies, if not votes, are for sale, especially among blacks, can come as a shock to the political idealists, but, in time, many of them, too, come first to accept it and eventually to pay for it. "I remember how incredibly cynical I thought it was when I asked Gordon St. Angelo, the Indiana political boss, how you could make an impact in the black community, and he said, 'With money, my friend, with money,' " recalls one of the managers of John Lindsay's presidential campaign. "But you don't have to be around for long to realize that St. Angelo knows what he is talking about."

Privately, some liberal politicians condemn the hustle—"After all," as one veteran of the McCarthy/McGovern wars puts it, "this is exactly the kind of stuff we say we are against"—but that does not stop many of them from paying it, or, in many instances, even defending its use. "You have to put dollars in pockets," shrugs a former senior aide to Senator Robert Kennedy. "The only trick is putting them in the right pockets." For some it is a matter of practical necessity. "In some areas, I've hired thugs at what were considered combat wages to distribute literature," admits one Chicago liberal. "But it was the only way anything was going to get done." Hubert Humphrey's strategists considered themselves lucky in 1968 when, for $10,000, they were able to hire "Maulana" Ron Karenga, head of the black militant "US," to organize a voter registration drive in Los Angeles. "And Karenga did a good job," reports a former Humphrey aide. Karenga, however, won't be hustling again for a while. In 1971 he was convicted of assault with a deadly weapon and sentenced to from one to ten years in prison.

The partnership of Hubert Horatio Humphrey and Maulana Karenga may be bizarre, but it is hardly unique. The hustle has been successfully played on everyone from candidates for alderman to nominees for president. However cleverly disguised the gimmick—some of the most successful hustlers come armed with overlays, fictitious demographic breakdowns and tables of organization purporting to show how the black community will be "organized"—few politicians are under any illusion about the hustle's purpose, or where most of their dollars are likely to wind up. "You don't know whether it is worthwhile, and everyone is afraid to find out whether it is or not," says the Lindsay man, who has worked in a number of campaigns and paid tens of thousands to hustlers in the process. "It's like taking out an insurance policy." With so much money so easily available, the temptation to hustle—and be hustled—is well-nigh irresistible. Anyone with sheer brass can play, and many do, even (some pols would say *especially*) blacks of national reputation.

In New York they still tell tales about the late Harlem Democratic Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, dispatching his emissaries at election time to the headquarters of the various candidates (often as not Republicans) to collect his fees. "Adam has a set rate structure," recalls one New York pol. "A gubernatorial election was $40,000, a senate seat $20,000 or $25,000, a mayor's race $20,000, maybe $15,000, depending on who was running."

In California one of the most notorious of the hustlers is Mervyn Dymally, who, as a member of the state legislature, billed himself as "The Senator from Watts." During the presidential primary of 1968, Dymally approached Senator Robert Kennedy with a scheme for organizing the black community in Los Angeles that carried a price tag of $25,000. Kennedy was one of the few politicians with sufficient personal credibility among blacks to be able to say no. Dymally thereupon called a press conference to denounce Kennedy for not paying enough attention to the black community. Once Humphrey became the nominee, Dymally brought essentially the same proposal to his managers, only this time he was more outspoken. "Nothing is going to get done in my community unless I say it gets done," a Humphrey aide quotes Dymally as saying. "And Mervyn Dymally is not going to say anything unless there is money and Mervyn Dymally administers that money. I am here to collect my check." Humphrey's aides, who had been warned in advance by Party Chairman Lawrence O'Brien that Dymally would try to hustle them, turned Dymally down—but mainly for lack of cash. Four years later, during the crucial California primary, Dymally was again knocking on Humphrey's door. The Humphrey campaign, badly trailing McGovern in the polls but not lacking for cash, was more receptive. Estimates of how much Dymally received range up to $50,000. Some of the money did not go to Dymally directly but to Public Affairs Consultants, Inc., which in turn hired Dymally. According to records on file with the California secretary of state, the directors of Public Affairs Consultants, Inc., were two of Dymally's sisters and one of his personal friends. One of the addresses the company listed turned out to be a beauty college owned by a Dymally sister. Public Affairs Consultants, Inc. folded in the spring of 1973, but not before it listed among its clients the beauty college and a trade school—not to mention the re-election campaigns of Mervyn Dymally. Whether Dymally will be out hustling again with quite the same vigor in 1976 is open to question. He is a man of larger stature now, the voters of California having elected him their lieutenant governor in 1974.

"How many black politicians don't hustle? Very few, my man, very few"

Not that one needs to hold office to hustle; often, standing in a pulpit is even better. "Ministers are fairly up front about it," says a former aide to Martin Luther King with long experience in Democratic politics. "They want a donation for their endorsement. They *demand* a donation for their endorsement. It's a simple payoff, nothing more or less."

During the 1972 Florida primary, the head of one black ministerial association—one of the few possessing real clout—informed the Lindsay campaign that he could organize and turn out the blacks of a major Florida city for the tidy sum of $175,000, all of it to be delivered in cash. In the best New York hondling tradition, Lindsay's aides counter-offered. How about $30,000? they asked. But the minister wouldn't buy it. The next time the Lindsay camp saw him again was at a press conference a few days later, when the minister endorsed Hubert Humphrey. Sighed one Lindsay man: "Hubert just outbid us."

The bidding can go even higher when a celebrity is involved. In 1968 the Humphrey-Muskie campaign paid baseball great Jackie Robinson, a registered Republican and aide to Nelson Rockefeller, $40,000 to barnstorm the country for the Democratic ticket. Considering what happened in the California primary four years later, the fee for Robinson's services may have been a bargain. Then, the Rev. Jesse Jackson, accompanied by two armed guards, campaigned for nine days on behalf of George McGovern. Jackson charged no fee, but merely submitted "expenses." They totaled $36,000.

Most of the hustling that goes on, of course, is on a much more modest scale, conducted by what one Chicago politician calls "low-level, free-lance entrepreneurs." People, in short, no one ever heard of until that fateful day they rent a store front, put an acronym on the door and start hustling. Like the Puerto Rican orga-

LEE GOFF

HIROJI KUBOTA

The buying and selling of black support has become axiomatic among politicians. The form varies, but the results are always the same—very few.

nizer—let's call him Pepito—who tried to hustle John Lindsay during the 1965 New York mayor's race. Shortly after Lindsay began campaigning in East Harlem, Pepito approached one of Lindsay's managers and laid out the deal. He would deliver 29,000 votes for a dollar a piece. That was too steep for the Lindsay man, so, a few weeks later, Pepito made another offer. Put the girlfriend of one of his associates on the payroll for $80 a week, Pepito promised, and he would refrain from putting up campaign signs for Abe Beame, Lindsay's Democratic opponent. By now, though, the Lindsay man was wise to the hustle, and turned Pepito down. But, when the Lindsay man arrived at his office, he found a fresh bolt and lock on the door, and Pepito standing out in front with a large and ugly crowd. "This man hates Puerto Ricans," Pepito yelled to the crowd, pointing at the Lindsay man, who thereupon made a strategic retreat. Eventually, rival hustlers came in to pick up the pieces of the Lindsay campaign. Pepito never made a cent.

"Evers said that Julian Bond can run around without being paid, but he wanted to be paid"

Which is something of a rarity in big city politics. Far more often, liberal politicians pay off, if only to avoid trouble. One of the most ubiquitous siphons for white liberal money are the "instant newspapers," the small throwaways that leap to life two months before an election and just as quickly disappear once the votes are counted and the checks cashed. "You get the same line all the time," says an aide to one northern governor, regarded as a presidential candidate in 1976. "The publisher, who has been in business about a week, will come to you and say, 'With our support, you can carry the black community.' He doesn't threaten, and he never asks for an outright bribe. It's more sophisticated than that. You are expected to take out a certain amount of advertising. The amount varies, but it's usually not more than $500. You take out the ads, and the endorsement appears. Does it mean any votes? Probably not. But who knows? And some of these guys can hurt you. So you spend the 500 bucks and don't take the chance."

One of the most graphic examples of what can happen when the chance is taken occurred in 1972 and involved

Charles Evers, the mayor of Fayette, Mississippi, now under indictment for income tax evasion. During the primaries, Evers was a supporter, at one time or another, of Birch Bayh, John Lindsay, Hubert Humphrey and Edmund Muskie. When McGovern failed to gather him to his bosom during the Miami convention, Evers made his unhappiness plainly known. The day after McGovern's nomination, when the candidate appeared at a meeting of the Democratic National Committee to announce his choice of Pierre Salinger as the DNC's vice-chairman, Evers quickly jumped up and nominated Basil Paterson, a black politician from New York, for the same post. Embarrassed and stunned at the unexpected turn of events, McGovern clumsily announced that both Paterson and Salinger were fine men, and that either would make an excellent vice-chairman. Salinger thereupon withdrew and Paterson was elected. Evers looked on, grinning.

Jesse Jackson (left) in 1972: for his efforts for McGovern in the California primary, he submitted "expenses" of $36,000.

Hardly two weeks passed when Evers was on the phone with a black Democratic aide, demanding an important role in the McGovern campaign, a salary, an unspecified amount of "organization funds" to match and a press release from the candidate ratifying the deal. The aide remembers the conversation vividly. "Charlie said he was goddamn tired of hearing white liberals talking about how fair they wanted to be to black folk, and then not wanting to pay black folk," remembers the aide. "He said that Julian Bond and them might run around the country without being paid, but he wanted to be paid. Charlie said, 'I got people who can work, but they gotta be paid to work. If they aren't paid, they don't work.'" They weren't paid, and Evers didn't work. He remained silent about McGovern's candidacy during the fall campaign, then, shortly before the election, conferred a half-endorsement on Nixon. Said one McGovern aide later: "If you don't pay in cash, you pay through the nose in bad publicity."

There is, for all the abuses, nothing uniquely venal about black politics. The hustlers are merely following in the footsteps of a time-honored tradition: the great American payoff.

A hundred years ago, when American cities were teeming with Irish poor, it was tough Irish organizers who called the rip-off tune, and rich Yankees who danced to it. Men like New York's William Marcy Tweed (a Scotsman by heritage) and Boston's James Michael Curley were not renowned for the delicacy of their politics or the propriety of their deals. The Tweed Ring collected millions in graft and extortion and, in return, dependably turned out tens of thousands of Irishmen who could be counted on to vote straight Democratic. "Every immigrant group does this at one time or another," says a former Lindsay aide. "It's sort of an initiation rite in politics. If you are able to ask for money, and get it, it's sort of a sign that you have arrived. The blacks aren't the first. They are just the latest in a long, long line."

And, from the looks of things, they are probably not the last. During the 1972 campaign, there was considerable pressure on McGovern, much of it from some members of his staff, to enlist the Texas-based Chicano militants, La Raza Unida, who promised support and the usual voter registration campaign for $60,000. José-Angel Gutierrez, one of La Raza's leaders, had already boasted to a McGovern organizer that "we are going to show you that brown people can hustle white politicians just as well as blacks." The pressure was ultimately resisted when a key McGovern aide convinced the candidate that not only was the asking price too high, but "they are going to turn around and support your opponent anyway."

Which as it turned out is precisely what happened. More than a year after the election, the Senate Watergate Committee uncovered a sheaf of memoes detailing how the Committee to Re-Elect the President bought La Raza's neutrality. In one memo, Alex Armendariz, director of CREEP's Spanish Division, reported that Gutierrez had secretly approached the Republicans and assured them that a "quiet" contribution to La Raza's gubernatorial candidate would assure La Raza's neutrality. A few weeks later, in early September, another memo says that La Raza organizers have promised that an $8,000 contribution will buy a "public condemnation of McGovern." Finally, just days before the election, Armendariz, in a memo to OEO director Philip Sanchez, urges the "loosening up" of several federal grants for La Raza projects—which, Armendariz notes, "will be of mutual benefit to La Raza and the President." The federal money was forthcoming, and Gutierrez, true to his word, stayed neutral.

Black or brown, the foundation for the hustle is the same. Politicians want to be elected, and, if they happen to be Democratic, the key, in many instances, is the black vote, the last solid bloc remaining in the old FDR coalition. It is, on one level, a matter of simple arithmetic. Although blacks account for slightly more than 10 percent of the general population, they total nearly 25 percent of the Democratic total in a typical national election. In selected contests on the local and state level, their support—or lack of it—can be even more decisive. According to a 1972 study conducted by the Voter Education Project in Atlanta, blacks accounted for over 50 percent of the entire Democratic vote in six southern states, and over 30 percent in the other five southern states. In Mississippi over 90 percent of the Democratic vote is estimated to be cast by blacks.

Numbers, though, are only part of the story. The real problems begin when a liberal politician, visions of 90 percent plus majorities among blacks dancing in his head, comes up against the reality of the black community and finds that it fits none of the neat patterns of political science textbooks. Among other things, the ghetto lacks the block, ward and precinct networks that spread the traditional spoils of politics around. Some blacks suggest that that is just how the white man wants it. "Blacks build a political organization in the ghetto, and it's not just going to work for the white man at election time," says Leon Davis, a leading black organizer in Chicago. "It's going to work for black people, at election time and all year round, just like the white organizations do for their people. The white man doesn't

want that. That's why he pays."

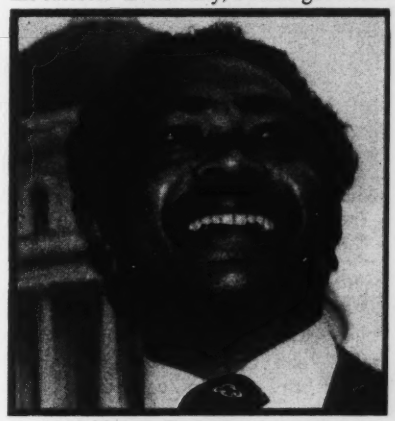
The white man does indeed pay, and too often to hustlers whose leadership is directly related to their ability to manipulate the media. "Merv Dymally was nobody until *Time* magazine wrote that he was 'the only man who could cool Watts,' " a black organizer who has worked with Dymally says bitterly. "But after *Time,* man, Dymally was somebody." The most powerful black in California, goes the reputation. When one candidate for national office, upon meeting Dymally, asked an aide if the reputation was correct, the aide replied: "Not the most powerful, just the most expensive."

"White politicians are uncertain how to deal with blacks. Buying them is just an easy way out . . ."

The money that goes to hustlers does buy support—a few speeches given, an ad or two placed. In that sense, it is not simple extortion. "You almost always find that the cut is split up," explains the Lindsay aide. "One man never gets everything. It's divided, then divided again and maybe again. The trouble is, it never really filters down to where it belongs, to the people on the street."

The institution that perhaps inspires the most cynicism is the voter registration drive. It has become an article of faith in Democratic presidential campaigns that large portions of the financial war chest must be set aside for registering new voters, especially in the minority communities. It has become a corresponding article of faith that very few new voters ever emerge from this process.

In 1972 McGovern's strategists set aside $1 million for voter registration during the general election. A few days after the Miami convention, McGovern's "black council," consisting of leading black politicians, including California's Willie Brown, New York's Paterson and Richard Hatcher, mayor of Gary, Indiana, met with key McGovern aides in Washington to plan strategy for the coming campaign. "They were interested in only one thing," remembers one participant in the discussions—"money." At first, the cash was readily forthcoming; some $200,000 of it was sent to New York City alone, where it was to be disbursed by a Brooklyn assemblyman with the improbably apt name of Thomas Fortune. Just how it got disbursed and who ended up with how much is, even today, a matter of considerable dispute. What is remembered best by McGovern's New York managers is the chaos the cash produced, as rival black politicians scrambled after a piece of the pie. "When Percy Sutton [the borough president of Manhattan and political boss of Harlem] found out he was being allocated $25,000 for voter registration, he refused to accept a penny of it," says one McGovern aide. "Sutton said that $25,000 was an insult to his people." Herman Badillo, a Puerto Rican congressman from the Bronx, demanded $25,000 to throw "a victory party for the workers." The money, Badillo explained, would cover the cost of food, drink and a band. Jerome Kretchmer, a West Side Jewish politician working for McGovern, couldn't keep from cracking: "Herman, if you get $25,000 for a party, I want to be the caterer." Eventually, Badillo got closer to $10,000. As for the number of new voters registered, McGovern's aides put the total at about 10,000, or $20 per voter.



In 1968 Mervyn Dymally tried to hustle both RFK and Humphrey without success.

The New York experience and similar fiascos convinced McGovern's managers to institute tight controls over further dispersal of cash. In fact, there was to be no cash; all payments were made by check. Bloc grants were abolished and payments for voter registration were henceforth made on a weekly basis, and then only after affidavits had been produced. They also let it be known publicly just who was getting how much. "That way," explains a black organizer who played a key role in the McGovern campaign, "the pressure is on them to produce. Because people are going to wonder what they did with all the money."

The controls provoked immediate cries of "racism." "[Congressman] Louis Stokes was furious and Badillo almost had a heart attack," says one woman who oversaw the system. "There was incredible pressure to give in, but we made it stick. Every nickel we paid out was on the basis of performance. And we weren't taking anybody's word for it. They had to prove it."

There were some dicey moments in Chicago when the word went out that McGovern's people weren't paying off. One hustler, passing himself off as a minister, threatened dire consequences if money for "the people" wasn't quickly forthcoming. A few days later, one of McGovern's headquarters in the Chicago ghetto suffered a mysterious fire. Another had its windows broken. To avoid even worse trouble, blanket payoffs were made in east St. Louis, which one horrified organizer recalls as "just a jungle, everybody out for himself." But, in Chicago, the policy of no-payoffs stuck. "Frankly," says one campaign worker, "we didn't have the money to pay off even if we wanted to. If you pay off one group, you have to pay them all off. And some of these guys were asking $10,000 to 'organize' six precincts."

The McGovern campaign's resolve collapsed in the final week. Then, in the space of a few days, $1 million was pumped into a dozen key cities in a last-ditch effort to bring out the black vote and save the election. The results, as they say, are history. "The money?" says one McGovern aide. "Who the hell knows where it went." In the end the McGovern campaign nationally registered less than 500,000 new black voters, and, of that number, one in five didn't bother to vote. On a percentage basis, the record with "browns"—Chicanos and Puerto Ricans—was slightly better. "Not that it did us any good," says Anne Wexler, the liberal activist who headed up McGovern's voter registration campaign. "Most of the Chicanos turned around and voted for Nixon."

The votes certainly helped Nixon, but every black who didn't vote helped almost as much, since more than 90 percent of the black votes cast wound up in the McGovern column. That fact touched off a fierce struggle by the President's men to neutralize important black leaders, and few were more important, or struggled over more furiously, than the Rev. Jesse Jackson, disciple of Martin Luther King, doyen of liberal cocktail parties and chief of PUSH (People United to Save Humanity).

The depth and extent of Jackson's power in Chicago has always been a matter of considerable debate. The image portrayed by the national media, and the one generally accepted by most whites, is of a charismatic figure at the head of a large, beneficent organization. The assumption that flows out of that image is that Jackson and his organization can deliver votes.

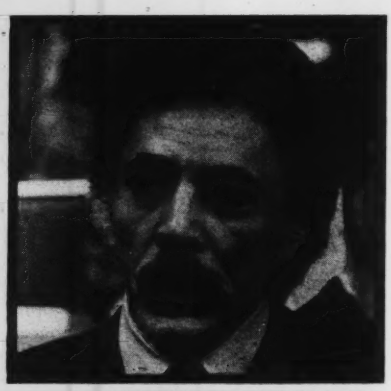
Whether Jackson can or not is almost beside the point. The perception alone provides him with considerable political leverage. Jackson's critics take a different view. "You know the Murphy game?" says a leading black organizer in Atlanta. "That's when a white man comes into the ghetto looking for a prostitute, and a black man comes up to him and says if the white man gives him $25, he'll get him one. Then, the black man takes the $25 and never comes back. That's the Murphy game. Well, the Rev. Jesse Jackson is the classic national Murphy game artist."

During the 1972 pre-convention primary maneuvering, no one courted Jackson more fervently than McGovern, who went so far as to spend two hours one Saturday morning in sweltering 90 plus heat in the anteroom of Jackson's South Side church, waiting for Jackson to allow him to speak to his congregation for ten minutes. The wait partially paid off; during the important Illinois primary, McGovern had Jackson's endorsement.

Jackson withdrew his support after the Miami convention. Officially, his stated reason was that McGovern had cozied up to Daley and, by Jackson's lights at least, betrayed the reformers in the process. McGovern fretted about Jackson, and during one campaign swing in the New York area, invited Brooklyn Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm into his cabin on the *Dakota Queen II* to inquire how he could win Jackson back. "Well," said Mrs. Chisholm, "it will cost you." "Cost?" McGovern inquired with naive innocence. "Money? How much?" "Fifty thousand," was Mrs. Chisholm's cool reply. According to a McGovern aide who was present during the conversation, the candidate said nothing—"his eyes just widened a little." In any case, no money was ever delivered. And Jackson spent the rest of the campaign sitting on the sidelines.

More than a year later, the staff of the Senate Watergate Committee uncovered White House memos indicating that candidate Nixon was perhaps willing to go to greater lengths, if not to win Jackson's support then at least to avoid his opposition. In one memo Robert Jones, a black former special assistant to the President, described a meeting with Jackson in Chicago. "Jackson is now seeking support for the new group [PUSH]. . . and is anxious to meet with the President," Jones reported. "His support and/or 'neutrality' [lack of active support for another candidate] could go far in favorably swinging votes back to R.N." Jackson subsequently denied that he had sought either federal funds or a meeting with Nixon.

The most grandiose case of a Nixon buy-off involved Dr. Thomas Matthew, a



There are exceptions to the hustle, men like Ron Dellums (top) and Julian Bond.

self-proclaimed neurologist and founder of NEGRO (National Economic Growth and Reconstruction Organization), a black "self-help" organization that, during its brief existence, was pointed to by the Nixon administration as a model of successful "black capitalism." Matthew was introduced to then lawyer Nixon in 1966 by Nixon aide Patrick Buchanan. Their friendship quickly blossomed. During the first six years of the Nixon presidency, Matthew's various enterprises—which ranged from a hospital in Queens to a factory in Harlem to a bus company in Los Angeles—received a total of at least $11 million in federal funds. Nixon provided other help as well. In 1969, after Matthew and some of his followers had illegally taken over an abandoned building, John Lindsay's office got a call from a White House aide, who said the President would appreciate it if Dr. Matthew were not evicted. He wasn't. Instead, Matthew shortly thereafter received a six-month jail sentence for income tax evasion. Nixon pardoned him after 59 days because, it was said, the doctor was needed to run a drug program at his Queens hospital.

The favors kept pouring in, loans from the Small Business Administration totaling $175,000 and later defaulted. And contracts from the Defense Department amounting to nearly $2½ million. And permission to establish an economic community on Ellis Island—a community that did not last the winter. When the Small Business Administration launched an investigation into the questionable handling of some of the agencies funds, a call came in from the White House ordering that the report on Matthew be burned.

Matthew, in turn, became one of the President's most vocal, visible defenders in the black community. When Nixon nominated G. Harrold Carswell to the Supreme Court, Carswell's segregationist past and the furor that arose because of it didn't seem to bother Matthew a bit. At a cost of $8,400, he took out a full-page ad in the New York *Times* supporting the President and the Carswell nomination.

As the Nixon presidency disintegrated, Matthew's own empire crumbled with it. The bus company in L.A. went broke. The factory in Harlem was abandoned. The hospital in Queens—which state inspectors had described as "filthy. . . deteriorated. . . destroyed by addicts"—closed its doors. Then, in April 1973, Matthew was indicted on 121 counts of illegally diverting a quarter of a million dollars in Medicaid payments into various NEGRO enterprises. This time, not even Nixon could help him. Six months later, Matthew was convicted of grand larceny and sentenced to three years in prison.

Hustlers like Matthew are able to operate because there is, in politics, both left and right, a seemingly inexhaustible pool of people willing, even eager, to be taken. Where the hustle is concerned, there are no good guys or bad guys, only victims. In Chicago, where the black South Side is solidly under the thumb of the Daley regulars, it is the liberal reformers—the practitioners of the politics of goodness and light—who seek out the hustle, who pay off only too gladly in the vain hope that they have at last found what one Chicago liberal calls "the magic key, the way to crack the organization." In such a search, righteousness has little place, however well-intentioned the motives. "That's the worst thing you can do, to come on with all your white, middle-class holier-than-thou attitudes," says one young organizer with a national reputation for being one of the most idealistic men in politics. "The guys who hustle know what you want, and you know what they want. You can't bullshit them. You are both getting something out of it."

What fuels the hustle is the familiar white guilt—that, with a heavy larder of uncertainty and plain racism stirred in. "They make you feel guilty as a son of a bitch if you don't pay," confesses a white southerner, who should know better, since he has been personally active in various

civil rights causes over the last decade. A former aide to Nelson Rockefeller puts it somewhat differently. "White politicians are uncertain how to deal with blacks," he says. "Buying them is just an easy way out for a lot of them." Of course, whites buying blacks is nothing new. In this country, at least, it goes back more than 300 years.

Among the Irish, the hustle came to an end when the great masses of immigrant poor became not so poor anymore, and were assimilated into the majority culture. The disintegration of the Irish ghettos also meant the diminution of Irish political power, especially that power that was for sale. The blunt economics were that when the bosses could no longer deliver, they could no longer sell.

The black ghettos, by contrast, show no signs of disappearing anytime soon. Until they do, there will be blocs of poor whom whites will imagine are "deliverable" for a price. In that case, there will be but two ways to end the hustle, and the mutual degradation it entails. The first, and more obvious, is stop buying. "The bargain basement approach is what I call it," says a Tennessee pol. "All of us get together and say, nope, none of us are going to buy anybody anymore." The second way is to stop selling. Already, a number of politicians see the first faint signs of that happening. Partially, it is a matter of pride. "Black men don't want to hold their hands out to white men," says one official of the Democratic National Committee. Out of pride and increasing political sophistication, blacks are slowly building their own political organizations; organizations still tied to the personal destinies of a Julian Bond or a Willie Lee, but organizations, nonetheless. Such organizations still extract payoffs, but they are of a radically different kind: payoffs on issues, payoffs on participation in the nominating and electing process. In sum, what whites call politics. "The key to it all is the black voter," says Ted vanDyk, a political consultant who has worked with blacks during the Johnson, Humphrey and McGovern campaigns. "As the black middle class expands, the sophistication among black voters increases. And as that increases, you're going to find that the payoffs and the hustling is going to decrease."

It will all take time. For more than blacks must change. " 'The white man has a voodoo fear of us, because deep down he still thinks we are savages,' " Wolfe's hustler says. " 'So we're going to do a savage number for him.' It was like a practical joke at the expense of the white man's superstitiousness." Those superstitions have not changed much. And the hustlers are still laughing. ●

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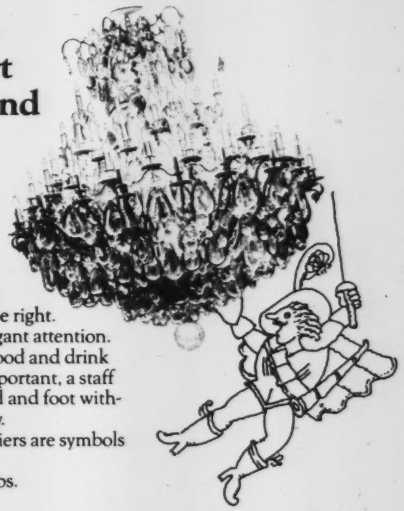

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The nuclear martyr

(and the strange case of the purloined plutonium papers)

By Roger Rapoport

When cars spin off the road in Logan County, Oklahoma, people usually think of George Martin's wrecker service first. Be it a tourist who has flipped on Interstate 35 or a farmer who has gone into a ditch along Highway 77, it's Martin who can be counted on to tow them out long after the competition has turned in for the night. So it was no accident when Guthrie police dispatched Martin to the scene of a possible fatal accident on Highway 74, a mile south of the Kerr-McGee Cimarron nuclear plant, about 7:30 on the night of October 13, 1974. George fell in behind the Guthrie Fire Department ambulance as other cars pulled onto the shoulder, opening a path for the emergency vehicles roaring past.

But about five and a half miles out of town a strange thing happened to Martin, something that had never occurred during any of the 1,200 accident calls he has handled over the past four years. Guthrie police radioed him to turn around and head home. Another wrecker would be taking the call. "I was closer to the accident than anyone else," says Martin. "It just didn't make any sense to turn me around when there was a report that someone was pinned in a car, particularly when I was running right with the ambulance. You just don't pull someone off a Code Two alert like that. I still can't figure out what was going on that night."

The victim was Karen Silkwood, a 28-year-old laboratory technician and union leader at Kerr-McGee's plutonium plant. Investigators hired by her union, the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers (OCAW), have since found dents indicating that her Honda Civic auto was forced off the road. Kerr-McGee and Oklahoma authorities insist that Silkwood, who was contesting the company's iron rule on several fronts last fall, drove to her own death. But many people with firsthand knowledge of the wreck scene and other events surrounding the plutonium worker's last days are dubious about these and other official contentions.

What makes them suspicious—besides the unexplained dents in the rear of her car—is the fact that Karen Silkwood, at the time of her death, was on her way to meet New York *Times* reporter David Burnham, bearing documents that not only could have shut down the Kerr-McGee facility but could also have precipitated investigations of nuclear plants across the country. As it turned out, the rendezvous was never kept and the documents all disappeared. The country was spared—for the time being—its first full-dress nuclear scandal, but was left instead with smouldering circumstantial evidence of a cover-up, a cover-up that has at the very least created the anti-nuclear forces' first martyr. The civil rights movement had its Goodmans, Schwerners and Chaneys, the anti-war protesters had their Kent State victims and now the environmentalists have their Karen Silkwood.

The publicity surrounding the death of Karen Silkwood seems destined to elevate the young plutonium worker to virtual sainthood—and to sink the nuclear industry still further into disrepute.

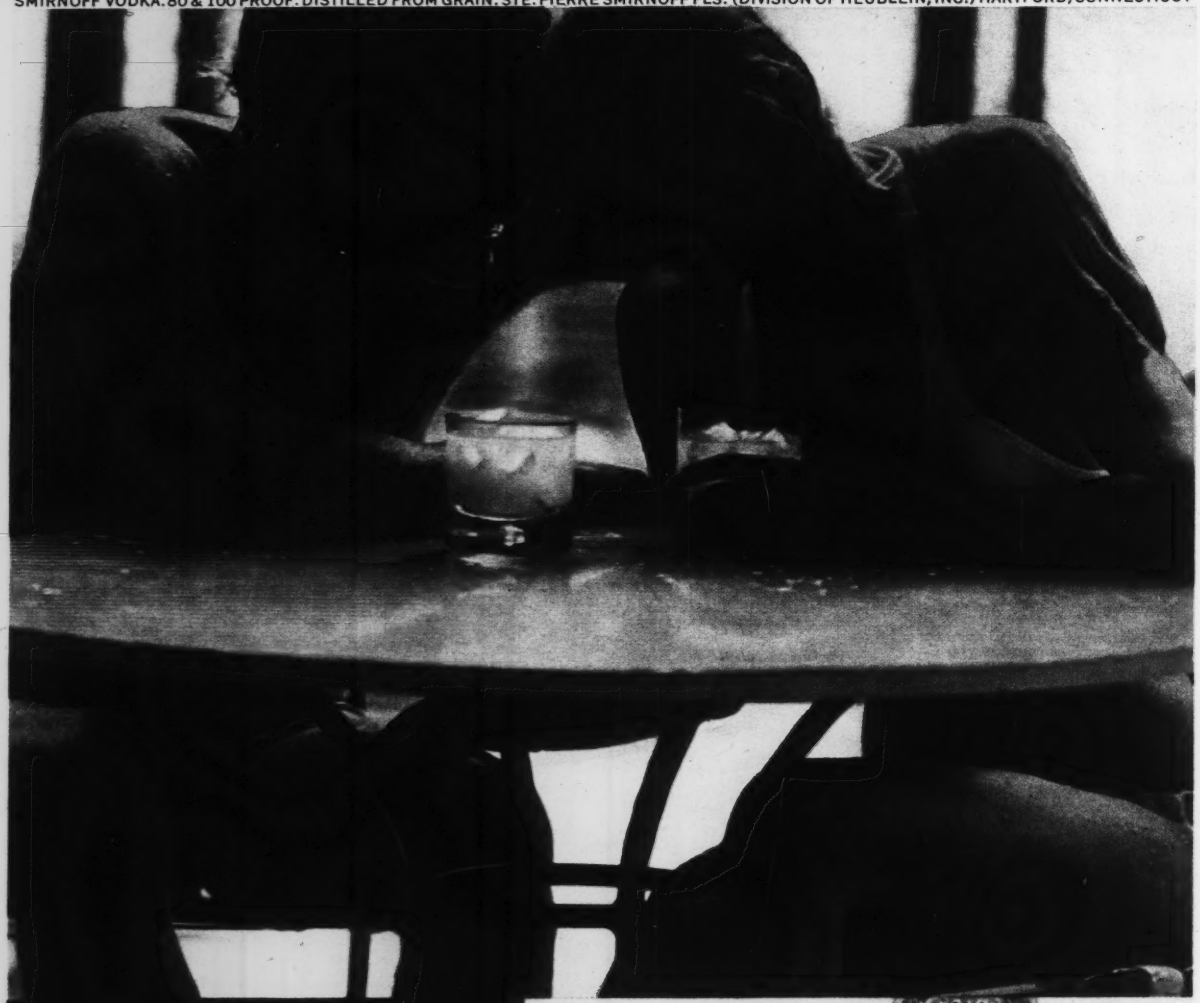
Though circumstantial, the evidence of foul play is almost overwhelming: wreckers turned back halfway, accident times fudged, incriminating documents disposed of, post-mortem materials tampered with. At least a week before her fatal accident, it seemed clear that someone was out to get the outspoken plutonium worker. Nuclear Regulatory Commission (the new agency that has taken over regulatory functions of the Atomic Energy Commission) data indicates that sometime in early November Karen Silkwood's apartment in Edmond, a suburb of Oklahoma City, was entered by an individual who contaminated her kitchen, bedroom and bathroom with plutonium, the most carcinogenic substance known. Just one-millionth of a gram is sufficient to cause cancer in experimental animals, a fact that was apparently understood by the intruder who spread plutonium on her bologna, cheese, chicken, bed sheets, bathmat, makeup and toilet seat. This effort to poison Karen Silkwood involved roughly 300 micrograms of plutonium, which is sufficient to cause 300 human lung cancers if evenly distributed. The question of how someone managed to smuggle this plutonium out of the Kerr-McGee plant raises two frightening possibilities: that either security precautions designed to prevent the theft of plutonium—which is, after all, the stuff of nuclear bombs—are incredibly lax, or the radioactive material was taken from the plant, to be deposited in Silkwood's apartment, with the compliance of Kerr-McGee higher-ups. Judging from its performance to date, both are conceivable.

With its mines, mills and processing facilities spread across the West, Kerr-McGee, a major integrated fuels company, controls about 20 percent of America's uranium market. Determined to retain its leadership in the nuclear fuel industry, the company opened its Cimar-

ILLUSTRATION BY CARLOS OCHAGAVIA

ILLUSTRATION BY CARLOS OCAMPO

SMIRNOFF VODKA. 80 & 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC.) HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT



The White Elephant

(Smirnoff, white creme de cacao, m-i-l-k)

This drink is aptly named. We couldn't discuss it among ourselves without arguing. Otherwise, we'd have told you about it ages ago.

We agreed on the Smirnoff. We agreed on the creme de cacao. But was a White Elephant made with milk? About that, we couldn't agree.

So, we tested the drink both ways. The milk version won hands down. "Delicious," tasters told us, "You hardly know you're drinking liquor."

"That's why we opposed putting milk in the drink in the first place!" said the people who had opposed milk in the first place. "It goes down *too* easy."

That's a problem we hadn't faced before. This drink has 2 ozs. of liquor in it and if you don't notice it at first, you are sure to feel it later. So, hopefully you'll treat it (and yourself) with respect.

To make a White Elephant: Pour 1 oz. Smirnoff, 1 oz. white creme de cacao and 1 oz. milk into a short glass with ice. Stir.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless®

ron plutonium unit 1969 alongside another plant already making uranium fuel for light water reactors operating around the country. The facility, located 35 miles north of Oklahoma City near Crescent (pop. 1500), was Kerr-McGee's early entry into the fuel market for a second generation of plutonium "breeder" reactors that produce more fuel than they consume. Work at the new facility began with a contract to produce fuel for the Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) breeder test reactor at the Argonne National Laboratory in Illinois.

But from the start, Kerr-McGee management discovered that running a plutonium facility brings with it some very special problems. To begin with, the company ran into complex licensing restrictions because of its unfortunate decision to locate its new plant in the midst of a tornado alley. Since 1959, there have been 260 tornadoes in counties within a 50-mile radius of the plant, including eight in Logan County itself. A statistical analysis shows there is a one-in-ten chance of the plant being flattened by a tornado during a 65-year time span. The situation is so serious that operations must be restricted on days of severe weather forecasts to minimize plutonium dispersal in the event the plant is knocked down.

When actual tornado alerts are forecast, employees must hustle as much plutonium as possible into a weatherproof vault. Even if everything goes perfectly under the optimum four-hour warning system, there would still be enough plutonium particles left in the facility—if dispersed by a tornado—to force the evacuation and possible condemnation of roughly 100 square miles of central Oklahoma because plutonium has a half-life of 24,000 years.

Generally, the young production employees hired to start up the new facility failed to appreciate these and other plutonium risks. "During our on-the-job training, we were told a fraction of a microgram of plutonium was toxic to the human body," says Drew Stephens, who went to work as a lab analyst in 1969. "But no one said anything about cancer." Workers like Stephens saw themselves leading the way to what AEC Chairman Glenn T. Seaborg described as a "plutonium economy," in which this synthetic element would fuel half of America's energy needs, and breeders would generate 80,000 kilograms of plutonium annually. Confident of their industry's future, an easy camaraderie developed among the plutonium people, who looked forward to moving up with Kerr-McGee. At lunch time, they joined in parking lot Frisbee games, and during coffee breaks, groups would slip out behind an adjacent uranium building to share a joint.

Their belief in the future of Seaborg's plutonium economy was renewed in 1971, when President Nixon announced a $3-billion breeder program that would "move this nation into an era of plentiful, clean and safe atomic power." Some of the Kerr-McGee personnel were aware that environmental groups disagreed with Nixon's program. It was, after all, a fact that the nation's only existing commercial breeder, the Enrico Fermi reactor at Monroe, Michigan, had cost $120 million, produced only $303,000 worth of electricity and failed to generate any fuel. In 1966 the reactor core melted down and nearly blew up in an accident that University of Michigan scientists later estimated would have killed 133,000 people.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE NEW YORK TIMES

Karen Silkwood: 1946-1974

But this kind of nit-picking made little impact at Kerr-McGee, as the company bid successfully to supply 18,500 plutonium fuel pins for the Fast Flux Test Facility (FFTF), the latest experimental unit in the AEC's breeder program. By August 1972, when Karen Silkwood was hired to work in the plutonium plant's metallography lab, work on the Hanford, Washington, FFTF contract was getting under way. Supervisors were impressed with the way this energetic new employee took to her analytical work. Karen had come to Kerr-McGee from Duncan, Oklahoma, after divorcing her husband, Bill Meadows, a Mobil Oil pipeline supervisor, whom she had married at the age of 19 after one semester of college in Texas. Because Meadows had a better income and was remarrying, Silkwood reluctantly chose to give him custody of their three children, a decision that still troubled her as she began a new life at $3.25 an hour with Kerr-McGee.

Almost from the start, Karen began to have misgivings about her employers and colleagues. "Although she did a very good job," says one of her former supervisors, "Karen was upset when people took shortcuts that compromised the quality of our product." At the end of 1972, the union local went out on a ten-week strike, during which Karen's insight into Kerr-McGee was sharpened by Drew Stephens, by now a union militant. "Even then, as we walked the picket line, we didn't understand what we were up against," says Stephens. "One of the union leaders told us that plutonium caused cancer. I just laughed at him."

Because the company was successfully running scabs through the picket line, union members finally ratified a substandard contract that gave Kerr-McGee the right to regulate everything down to the OCAW bulletin board. When Karen returned to work, conditions seemed to have deteriorated inside the plant. Her worst fears were confirmed on March 5, 1973, when a bag filled with plutonium-contaminated waste caught fire, exposing seven workers to 400 times the weekly permissible limit for insoluble airborne plutonium. Decontamination of the two affected rooms took two weeks. In a follow-up report the AEC criticized the company for delays in obtaining and analyzing urine and fecal samples from the contaminated individuals as well as for failing to notify the company medical consultant until the day after the accident. It also pointed out that evaluation of radioactivity in the affected areas had been hampered by the fact that the continuous room-air monitor chart had been allowed to run out the day before the fire.

Infuriated by the AEC's criticism, Kerr-McGee executive W.J. Shelley wrote back to bawl out the government agency: "We believe that the attitude that a commercial operation must be equipped to completely research the cause and effect of any such incident is beyond the requirements of the regulations and sound business judgment."

While executives like Shelley continued making their sound business judgments at Kerr-McGee headquarters in Oklahoma City, Karen Silkwood watched helplessly as nine more of her fellow employees were contaminated in three other accidents that year. She worried about the high turnover that was putting relatively inexperienced young workers in dangerous working situations. Low morale and boredom helped spur several young employees to engage in a morbid race to see who could get the "hottest" the fastest. Unaware that plutonium causes cancer,

Roger Rapoport's last piece for New Times *was Bates Street Craziness.*

the workers deliberately built up their exposure levels. By talking to her fellow employees, Karen learned there were also problems in the uranium plant. There, resident rednecks harassed a black employee into quitting by putting uranium powder on his stocking cap. And another employee brought a pellet gun to work so that he could shoot uranium dioxide fuel pellets at his colleagues whenever he got bored.

In addition, Kerr-McGee management was troubled by rumors that many of its employees were smoking grass and that some were into popping downers like methaquaalone. The prospect of stoned workers being required to stash plutonium in the vault during a tornado alert was hardly reassuring to management. Equally troubling to the officials was talk of bisexual, homosexual and lesbian employees populating the work force. The fear was that they might be especially vulnerable to blackmail by nuclear saboteurs hunting for fresh plutonium.

Plant security also troubled the AEC, particularly after March 1974, when a routine inventory showed more than 1.8 kilograms of plutonium unaccounted for. Since this exceeded the agency's limit of error, the plant was shut down for a week while employees resurveyed for this missing nuclear material—an amount sufficient to provide 36 billion lung cancer doses if dispersed and inhaled. In April, after Kerr-McGee succeeded in reducing its quantity of missing plutonium below the 1.8 kilogram standard, the company asked the AEC for a licensing amendment that would increase their allowable limit of error. The AEC agreed to some minor changes and promised to reconsider a higher limit in 1975 if the company could demonstrate that it had "made reasonable efforts and cannot meet the limits of error" specified by its license.

By now Karen Silkwood was openly challenging company production pressures that she felt were directly responsible for the missing plutonium, the contamination of her fellow employees and the deficient quality control standards. She watched nervously as one of her colleagues took a felt-point pen and deliberately touched up defects in photo negatives of fuel-pin weld-test samples. Karen pointed out these quality control problems to supervisory personnel, but management took no action.

One of her former coworkers recalls, "They started hassling Karen over trivial matters, but she refused to stand for it. For example, when it was cold, Karen and some of the other employees took to wearing street clothes under their work clothes. One day supervision insisted that they limit themselves to wearing only underwear beneath the coveralls. So Karen struck back the next day by showing up with nothing on beneath her work clothes. You could see everything right down to her nipples and pubic hair."

After Karen herself was accidentally exposed to airborne plutonium on July 31, she decided to take her case directly to the AEC. With the help of OCAW officials, Tony Mazzocchi and Steve Wodka, she was able to present a long list of alleged safety violations to agency officials at a Washington meeting in late September. The AEC promptly agreed to investigate Silkwood's charges, and Karen returned home to begin documenting her case for another meeting Wodka was setting up with New York *Times* reporter David Burnham. Silkwood's determination to get the story out was redoubled on October 10, when two University of Minnesota scientists visiting with rhesus monkeys and beagles who were also being monitored on the sophisticated radiation-counting equipment. When the three arrived home the following day, Karen was badly shaken. "She was convinced someone had poisoned her and that she was going to die," says Drew Stephens.

Shortly after seven the next night, Karen left a union session in Crescent and headed for an 8 p.m. Oklahoma City meeting with *Times* reporter, Burnham. According to an affidavit from one union member at the Crescent meeting, Silkwood walked out with a brown folder full of documents. These papers, which she had been taking from the plant, gave Karen the backup she needed to substantiate her allegations. At approximately 7:15 p.m., Karen's car went off the road and struck a cement culvert wingwall, killing her instantly. An OCAW accident analysis shows that the crash came after her

UPI

The death car. The license plate read "OKLAHOMA IS O.K."

the union corroborated rumors that plutonium was the most potent cancer-causing agent known. In between assembling documents for the New York *Times*, Karen, who was now a union committeewoman, worked overtime preparing for an upcoming round of contract talks with the company.

Plans for Silkwood's meeting with the New York *Times* were upset in early November after contamination was discovered in her apartment. Kerr-McGee decontamination crews, clad in space suits, began dumping Karen's belongings into 55-gallon drums that were carted off for disposal. Karen, her roommate Sherry Ellis (another Kerr-McGee employee) and boyfriend, Drew Stephens (who by now had quit the company), displayed enough plutonium exposure to qualify for an all-expense-paid trip to the AEC-funded Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory. They arrived on November 11, and scientists promptly fit them into the schedule

Honda's rear bumper had been struck by a late-model car.

The wreck was discovered shortly before 7:30 p.m. by a trucker and two Kerr-McGee employees, Fred Sullivan and Law Godwin. While Godwin stayed with the wreck, Sullivan went to a nearby farmhouse where a call was made to the Guthrie police about 7:30 p.m. When the call came in, tow truck driver George Martin happened to be at the Guthrie police station; he was dispatched to the wreck immediately. Not until he was well on his way did the authorities turn Martin around and ask Ted Sebring, a Crescent Ford dealer, to tow the wreck instead.

When Sebring arrived at the accident scene, the Guthrie Fire Department ambulance crew was already prying Karen out of her Honda. According to Guthrie Police Patrolman William Clay, who reached the scene a little later: "There were papers scattered all around the wreck." For reasons still unclear, Sebring

did not get to work immediately to clear the wreckage. His explanation for the delay seems thin indeed: "Her car was in a muddy creek," he says, "and I didn't want to get my hundred-dollar suit and fifty-dollar shoes dirty. So I asked the trooper to radio my sales manager, Harold Smith, to come out so he could get in the creek and get her out." Smith says: "I arrived shortly after 8:00 p.m., about a half-hour after Ted. By that time they had gotten her out of the car and gone (to the hospital). We spent about 45 minutes digging out the car, towing it and locking it up in the garage."

After Karen was pronounced dead on arrival at a Guthrie hospital, authorities notified her parents in Nederland, Texas. Karen's father, Bill Silkwood, immediately phoned the Highway Patrol for details. "They kept asking me what was going on out there," says Mr. Silkwood. "They wanted to know what all the Kerr-McGee officials were doing out there around the wreck."

Late that night Drew Stephens and the OCAW's Steve Wodka (who had been in Oklahoma City with the *Times*' Burnham) learned of the crash, drove to Crescent and found the wrecked Honda out of reach in Sebring's garage. Peering through the locked door, all they could make out was the license plate on the rear of Karen's wrecked car, declaring "OKLAHOMA IS O.K." About 1 a.m. AEC officials got Ted Sebring out of bed, made him open his garage and found, after a careful survey, no radiation on the squashed vehicle.

The next morning, Stephens and Wodka picked up a boxful of Karen's belongings at Sebring's garage. Neither the brown folder nor any of the secret documents were inside.

The authorities, notified of the wreck by about 7:30 p.m., are claiming that they didn't learn about it until after 8:00—apparently to maintain a cover-up surrounding the disposal of Silkwood's documents. The fact that they turned around George Martin, the area's leading 24-hour wrecker, for a part-time wrecker driver who wasn't even willing to get his feet wet (thereby slowing down the towing process) makes sense only if someone didn't want Martin pulling out the wreck faster than the secret papers could be cleaned up.

Local police agencies, whose personnel include former Kerr-McGee employees, have done almost everything possible to shield the company from OCAW allegations of foul play. After the wreck, the spokesman for the local Highway Patrol, Kenneth Vanhoy, told the media that Karen might have crashed because she was tired from her recent "drive" to Los Alamos. That notion seemed to make sense until Vanhoy was reminded that Silkwood had *flown* to Los Alamos. The Highway Patrol also maintains that Martin's wrecker was turned around because Sebring was next up on a local wrecker rotation schedule. But Harold Smith, who helped Sebring tow the wreck, says: "We're not on the local wrecker rotation schedule. Sure we'll take occasional wrecks if it's in our neighborhood. But after 5:00 p.m. they are more apt to call Martin because we're home and he tows 24 hours." People in Logan County like George Martin and Harold Smith also suspect the official story that Silkwood's wreck lay undiscovered at the side of Highway 74 for roughly 45 minutes. Says Smith: "I know these roads pretty well, and I can't imagine someone going off Highway 74 at that point and remaining undiscovered for more than five minutes at the outside."

One employee had a pellet gun so he could shoot uranium dioxide fuel pellets when he got bored

Almost immediately after the accident, state, federal and union investigators moved in to conduct an exhaustive investigation of what was left of Karen Silkwood and her Honda. Following Karen's autopsy on November 14, the state medical examiner shipped her viscera to Los Alamos for further radiological counting and returned the rest of the young woman's remains to her parents in Texas. Answers to crucial questions about Silkwood's contamination were contained in urine and fecal samples she had left behind. But this data was getting fouled up. Two of Karen's most seriously contaminated urine samples were undated. And one high sample was part of a mid-November shipment that was accidentally turned upside down. When this leaky urine cargo was discovered at the San Francisco airport (en route to a testing laboratory in Hanford), AEC officials were required to come out and supervise repacking of the leaking containers.

Union charges that Karen had been driven off the road immediately put the plant into the national media. The company security office began administering lie detector tests to determine which employees were talking with reporters. Nine suspect employees, including the union president, Jack Tice, were confined to warehouse duty, where even a trip to the bathroom required a security escort. In January, six of these people were fired for smoking marijuana and such other offenses as disloyalty to Kerr-McGee. Also canned was Karen's former roommate, Sherry Ellis, who had been caught doodling on employee time cards.

By this time AEC data was in, showing that Karen had definitely ingested some plutonium and that someone had deliberately contaminated her urine samples to make them read abnormally high. Although the identity of the person who contaminated Karen Silkwood's bologna and the rest of her apartment remains unknown, it is not difficult to fathom a motive for the act; a number of Kerr-McGee employees as well as company officials took a dim view of Karen's determination to turn them in. It is far from implausible that the contamination of her apartment was the work of someone trying to scare her out of talking to the New York *Times*. As a matter of fact, her exposure to plutonium did succeed in frightening Karen, disrupting her life and messing up her original plans for a meeting with the *Times*. And, regardless of whether the fatal car crash was, in fact, a case of murder, it is clear that people at Kerr-McGee were sufficiently knowledgeable about her activities to be on the scene and cleaning up the vital documents within minutes of her death.

Some officials have floated the theory that Karen poisoned herself in order to strengthen her case against the company. But people who knew her disagree. The OCAW's Steve Wodka says: "After she found out she had been contaminated, she saved everything right down to her Kleenex for fear that disposing of it might inadvertently contaminate someone else. She was having her period at the time and even went so far as asking officials if she should save her tampons for appropriate radioactive disposal. No one in that plant was more afraid of plutonium than Karen Silkwood. She would have never contaminated herself. Never."

Although multiple federal investigations have begun into the case, there is no telling when the public will learn who contaminated her bologna, why police officials have obscured the time they responded to her wreck and who disposed of the secret documents she was carrying that night. But even if the truth of this case is never fully established, Karen Silkwood's place as the patron saint of the anti-nuclear movement seems assured. As one of her closest friends observed, "Karen could end up being to the nuclear industry what John Dean was to Watergate." ●

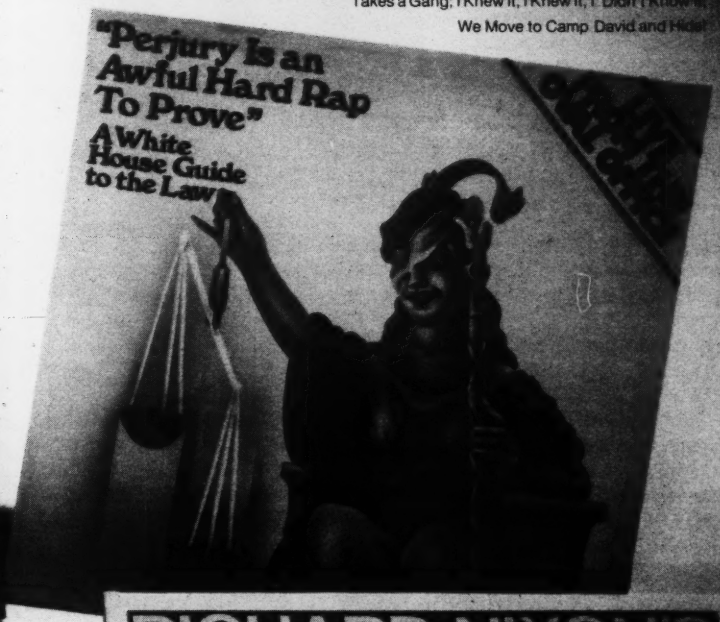
Nixon: for the record

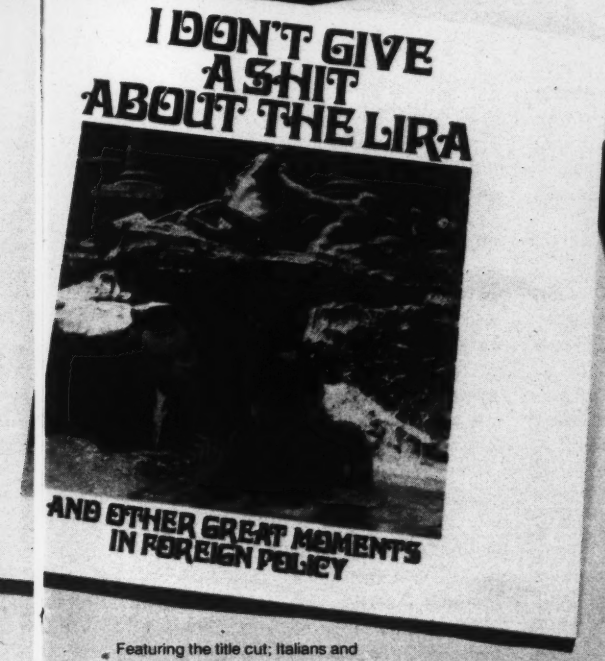
Judge Gerhard Gesell has postponed public release of the White House tapes, saying that the plans submitted by the networks and record companies provided no insurance against over-commercialization of the materials. NEW TIMES here offers its plan, confident that these proposals will get the tapes out of the courts and into the cocktail parties, where they belong.

They're Jews, They're Left-Wing, Stay Away; Some Black with a Gun; The Thick-Necked Mick; The Wop Judge; The S.E.C. Jew-boys; many more. With exculpatory liner notes by Rabbi Baruch Korff.
Richard Nixon's Favorite Ethnic Slurs
SUCH GOOD FRIENDS
PRESIDENTIAL APPRAISALS OF LOYAL AIDES
Mitchell's the Big Enchilada; Kleindienst Can Go; Rogers Is Not Really Smart; Maybe Someone Will Shoot Gray; That S.O.B. Hunt; That Asshole Liddy; Klein Just Doesn't Have His Head Screwed On; That Clown Renchburg; Magruder Is Not Very Bright; Colson Would Do Anything; Candy-Ass Schultz; My Damn Dumb Brother.

Includes the April 15 Dean meeting, the June 20 Mitchell phone call and the complete, unedited 18½-minute gap. Bonus 45 rpm record contains Richard Nixon's Greatest Speeches.

The Devil's Advocate; Get Them Full Pardons; You Can Say I Don't Remember; Not Too Much Chronology and Verse; Stonewall It!; Give 'Em an Hors D'Oeuvre; Wagons Around the President; A Modified Limited Hang-Out; With Knowledge We're Still Not Doing Anything; Maybe It Takes a Gang; I Knew It, I Knew It, I Didn't Know It; We Move to Camp David and Hide!





Featuring the title cut; Italians and Germans and All These Others; I Don't Care About Devaluation of the Pound; That Asshole Trudeau; other diplomatic highlights.

Cap on the Bottle Blues; Prick the Boil; Take the Heat; "Six Crises" is a Damned Good Book; I'm Damn Glad We Have the Tapes; A Can of Worms; Nobody is a Friend of Ours; The Helicopter and Pat's Hair; The B-B-Ballad of B-B-Below; A Cesspool for Winnetka; Sloan Starts Pissing on Magruder; I Will Have Some Consomme. 2-record set includes free poster (Nixon/Agnew in prison garb)

The Straightening of America

The greening of campuses continues—but it has more to do with wallets and pocketbooks than consciousness

By Steve Berman

"The interest in law, medicine and business makes the situation today resemble the conservatism of the '50s . . . but I think that's superficial. Now students entering these lines feel a higher calling. They are constitutionally different from the last generation of lawyers and businessmen. They're more concerned about the issues that speak to their hearts, not to their pocketbooks."

—David Warren, Director of Yale's Community-Service Office

"Money and sex are about the only things that can get today's students off their asses."

—A former member of Columbia University's Students for a Democratic Society

Assuming, as Norman Mailer believes, that we can peek through graffiti to glimpse both ancient and modern truths, consider these two fragments of pissoir poetry found on the faded tiled walls of a men's room at the University of Indiana:

CONSCIOUSNESS III WAS A MASTURBATORY FANTASY
(and directly beneath it)
REVELATIONS AND REVOLUTIONS ARE BULLSHIT. . . .
GET A JOB!

Both bits of graffiti, discovered in September of this, the 1974-75 school year, laconically pointed the way for me to the fact that American colleges and universities are presently undergoing a straightening process unlike any they have ever known—a straightening process that could, if allowed to unconsciously persevere, defoliate all the greening of the past ten years.

Which all sounds terribly alarming. And is.

But labeling a phenomenon is easy. Sleeping with its specifics is what's hard.

• According to Jack Anson, executive director of the National Interfraternity Conference, the number of college students who joined fraternities and sororities in the past year was up about 20 percent from 1972-73 figures. In the late '60s and early '70s, that figure, Anson explained, had been rapidly declining, and by June of '72, fraternity enrollment had reached an all-time low. It was in the spring of the '72-'73 school year, though, that the figures began their upswing. And as Anson said: "From reports I now have in from around the country, it looks like this year's figures should top last year's."

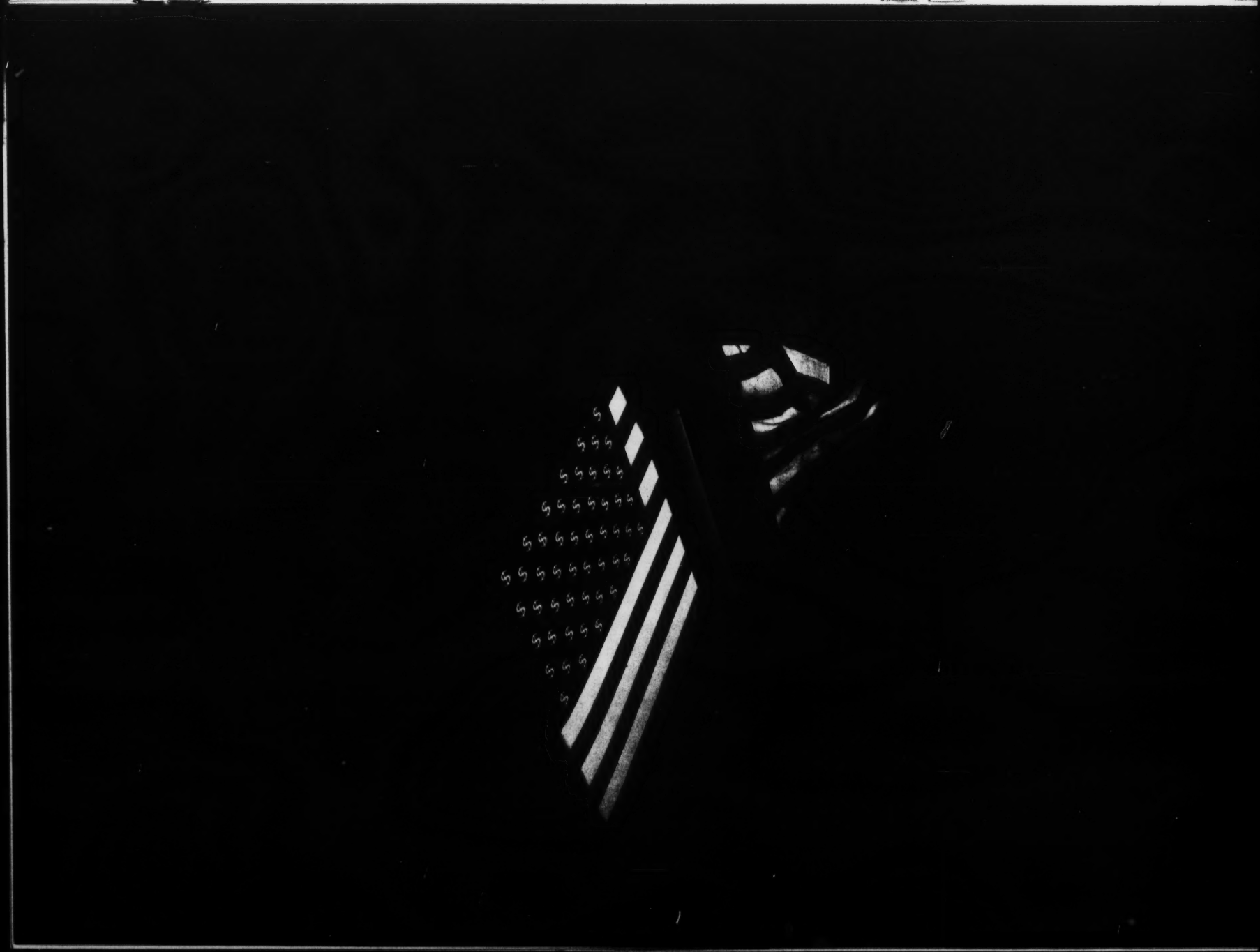
• Army ROTC, the Reserve Officers Training Corps, has announced that its nationwide statistics show an enrollment increase of about 25 percent over last year's figures. At the start of the '73-'74 school year, ROTC enrollment figures stood at 33,220—an all-time low. Already this year, some schools have recorded as much as a 125 percent enrollment increase over last year's figures. And according to Colonel J. Kark, who heads M.I.T.'s Army ROTC program, some schools, such as Boston University, that had abolished ROTC during the student upheavals of the early '70s, are now asking the Army to reestablish the ROTC on their campuses.

• Like ROTC and fraternities, gentleman's Cs, too, are back. In 1969 Harvard's freshman law class elected to adopt a grading system consisting of Pass/Fail options instead of using the more conventional letter grades (A,B,C, etc.). Last year, that alternative grading system at Harvard was dropped. Prospective employers, it was argued, needed letter grades to accurately assess a candidate's worth. On the undergraduate level, that same problem—the need by graduate and professional schools to see a letter-grade transcript—caused countless schools to abandon their grading reforms of the '60s and to return to the more conventional modes of evaluating student performance.

• According to the American Council on Education—and here, many believe, is where the straightening process really gets ugly—24 percent of all college freshmen want to be lawyers, doctors or teachers. Last year alone there were 41,000 applicants competing for 14,400 places in the nation's medical schools. For the law schools (which for the first time filled all of their seats in 1973), the figures were 86,000

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE COOPER

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE COOPER



applicants seeking 38,500 places. Marshall Meyer, professor of sociology at the University of California, Riverside, who's been studying Harvard students for the past five years under a grant from the Hazen Foundation, calls this undergraduate rush into premed and prelaw courses "a calculating instrumentalism among college students."

The straightening process, as Meyer sees it, "is taking place among those students at the center of the political spectrum. Whereas these slightly left-of-center students were once predisposed to be sympathetic to the Left, now they're just concerned with grades. And to be really brutal," Meyer added, "their real concern is with money, money, money."

The straightening process at work

How Wayne S* * * * wins on the battleground of grades

The past two years of Wayne S___n's college career haven't actually been, as the college catalogues once promised, "a meaningful experience." Rather, in Wayne's own words, they've been a "campaign"—waged with all the skill and scruples of an Auschwitz technician. Simply, Wayne S___n, premed student at one of our nation's Midwestern educational factories, wants to get into medical school. And from what I could see, nothing less than the American War Machine can stop him.

As a freshman, Wayne's March On Med School employed two basic strategies: one, rather prosaic; the other, surprisingly creative. Each tactic, though, had been wisely directed at very specific targets, and as any West Point strategist could tell you, that's the way to do it.

Wayne's first and least imaginative maneuvers were aimed at his fellow students. In conventional college warfare, they're known as being "cutthroats." If someone misses a class and wants to know what went on, the cutthroat's unwritten handbook says, be evasive—and never, under any circumstances, allow them to see your notes or hear your cassettes. Strategical variations, of course, do exist, and one of them is Wayne's favorite: if you somehow can't escape being totally inhuman and have to give someone your notes, give them phony notes.

On three occasions, Wayne S___n actually wrote out four or five pages of fabricated, purposely faulty notes and gave them to a fellow student. Wayne's explanation: "If I can knock just one kid out of the competition by spending only twenty minutes writing phony notes, then why not do it?"

With the student front pretty much under control, it was then on to the faculty. And it was on this battlefield that Wayne S___n really proved himself a MANipulative monster.

A number of university faculty members, particularly those teaching freshmen and sophomores, are young. They've either just received their Ph.D.s or are still grad students, receiving a stipend from the university to teach, say, two sections of Introductory Zoology. Not yet thoroughly entrenched in the styrofoam-cup-of-coffee-ten-o'clock-in-the-morning-cigarette routine—a sure sign of being a bona fide faculty member—they're still capable of having a non-hierarchical relationship with the student body. And to varying degrees many of them, because they were in college during the '60s, understand the faculty-student power-trip games and the ultimate meaninglessness of letter grades. These fledglings were Wayne S___n's targets.

Subtly, so subtly, Wayne let these young teachers know that he was beyond the rat race—that he, Wayne S___n, was a card-carrying counterculturist with secure credentials in the Movement. Together, at Wayne's prodding, both he and the teachers would occasionally smoke some dope; and from the ensuing aerial view, all of them (with Wayne, of course, again leading the way), would condescendingly watch the squirrels scurrying for grades. "It's a very sad thing," Wayne would say, "all of these kids so inhumanly hassling for grades and security." And the teachers, allowing Wayne's words to bloat their own hip self-images and to rekindle their own dying idealism, would sagefully nod their heads and offer some similar apocalyptic Leftist rhetoric.

By the end of the semester, Wayne S___n had hiply ingratiated himself to the younger instructors. The reward for his acting job: an A in their courses.

Lee Verstandig, dean of Brown University, senses "a paranoia of pre-professionalism that's pervading the Brown campus. The first day of classes," Verstandig commented, "a time when students are usually renewing friendships and engaging in light chatter, I noticed that the library was packed with kids studying." And at Yale, whose former students inspired Charles Reich to both perceive and catalogue the new consciousness as Consciousness III, students, according to a Yale committee on teaching and learning, were studying about 21 percent more hours last year than in 1971.

"The competition is *keen* to get into professional and graduate schools," one University of California career counselor said. Now when someone says the competition is *keen*, I immediately get images of an alert, bright student body which is "on its toes" and "on the ball." The phrase "on the trigger" just doesn't enter my head. But one story I heard about how *keen* the competition really is was about some desperate West Coast premed who actually threatened to shoot a biology instructor if the instructor didn't change the kid's grade from a B– to an A. Now, with an ever-tightening job market and an ever-straightening student body, a few college administrators have already begun to half-seriously joke about the need for their professors and instructors to wear bulletproof vests to classes.

Which all sounds very sci-fiesque. But as one zoology professor commented: "When you begin to see how close some of the kids actually get to pulling the trigger, that old Whittier College axiom, 'competition breeds character,' begins to get really scary."

• Along with what one student has termed this "almost-too-Darwinian-to-believe scurry by college students into high-paying, secure fields," there has been an almost equally frenetic abandonment of certain traditional fields of study. Engineering schools, for instance, because of the scarcity of postgraduate job opportunities in the engineering field, have seen a steady decline of enrollment (nearly 33 percent nationally) between the years 1970 and 1973. Similarly, the 1973-74 school year, because of an ever-shrinking job market, saw teacher training enrollments down from previous years.

"The entire process whereby a freshman college student decides what his major field of study will be," says a New York City high school college adviser, "has become strictly a matter of money. In 1971, when the American Council on Education reported that for the first time in 20 years trained professionals in several fields outnumbered the jobs available, the

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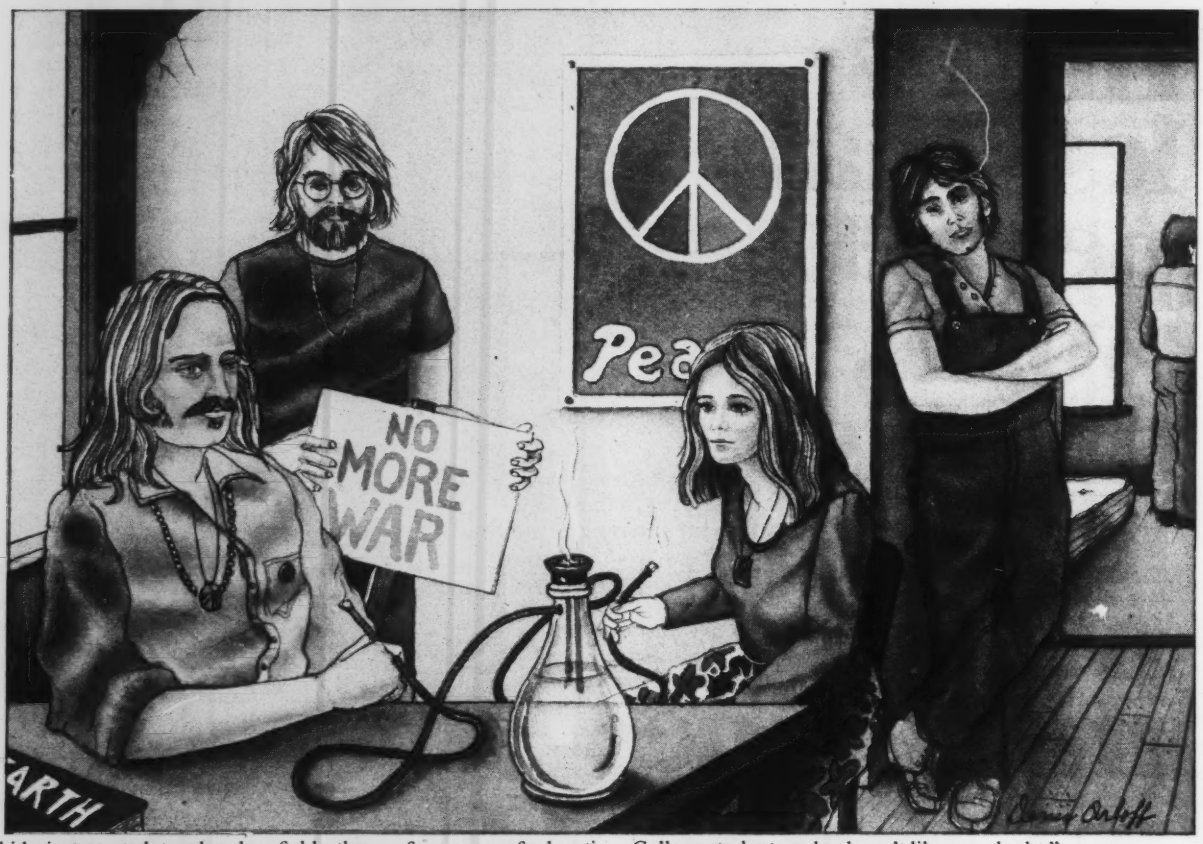


kids just started to abandon fields they were genuinely interested in and opted for the big money fields."

• Not surprisingly, accompanying the "squirrel syndrome"—college students frantically gathering grades for their futures—there's been an understandable change in the sort of high now being sought on the college campus. After a hard day's work, in the classic Honey-I'm-home-where's-my-martini tradition, students are again hitting the bottle. At practically every campus I visited, I noted this restoration of dulled consciousness. LSD, psilocybin, mescaline—the psychedelic drugs—though still around, are no longer a freshman-to-senior rite de passage sacrament. "A good hit of acid," one dope dealer at the University of Wisconsin commented, "can be ruthless to someone whose entire life is nothing but a protracted game. And students somehow know this, and so they avoid taking acid."

Pot, of course, that most-easily-adapted-to-any-lifestyle transcultural drug, is being smoked on the campuses; but there has been an increasing disappearance of the student who years back was known as a "head"—the guy who blew 20 joints a day and then floated through four years of education. College students are simply a lot less promiscuous with the amounts and varieties of chemicals they now put in their heads. Moderation, that Puritan-wreaking word, seems to be the guideline.

• Because of the dress-down trend on college campuses during the past few years, it's been estimated that since 1967 some $8 billion has been lost to the men's and boy's apparel industry. But this year, according to a survey recently compiled by the Fairchild Research Department for *Men's Wear* magazine, clothes-consciousness is again returning to the college campus. As a student advances from his freshman to his senior year, the survey noted, his interest in clothes can be expected to increase 90 percent. And increased interest, as only Madison Avenue knows, leads to increased sales. Even barbers who clip hair in university towns are again making decent livings. "It's no longer a rarity," one dean from a small Midwestern college said, "to see a kid visit my office wearing a crew neck sweater and a sport coat."

As one former SDS member commented: "When you go to meet The Man from Dow Chemical looking for a job [Dow was the company that developed napalm], you gotta look good. There's just no way of knowing what he'll do to you if he doesn't like your looks."

• Finally, and here is where the straightening process is most obvious, there is a political quiescence on today's college campuses that can't help but invoke comparison with the '50s. "The excessive euphoria of the late '60s," says David Riesman, the celebrated Harvard sociologist, "has led to an excessive disenchantment. There's a feeling, too, that much of the activism of the late '60s was exploitive of previously sympathetic student bodies. A lot of students realized they were demonstrating not for valid political causes but for SDS organizational disputes."

Other than the political straightening of traditionally left-of-center student bodies, the Left itself has undergone some noticeable changes. "Surprisingly, the main difference between the Leftist students at Harvard today and those of a few years back," says Marshall Meyer, "is not necessarily in their numbers but rather in their tactics. Disruptive political action is just no longer a part of the Left."

Meyer's observations are derived from his studies of the Harvard student body. The Left's situation, however, becomes increasingly quiet (some would even say nonexistent) as we move out of the more elite strata of higher education and into the low-tuition state colleges and

Berman is a free lance who has written for the Boston Phoenix *and the* Globe.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENIS ORLOFF

community colleges. Other than a few isolated boycotts and some active women's groups, political action on these campuses has been predominantly limited to Nader-style public interest research groups and similarly entrenched-in-the-system organizations.

If there has been a downward mobility of dissent, as some sociologists believe—a penetration of the new consciousness from its upper-middle-class student origins into the lower-middle-class and working-class student sectors—then it has only managed to express itself in sexual freedom and in outré styles. But as far as politics go, as any cursory reading of the country's newspapers can tell you, this downward mobility of dissent has simply failed to meaningfully surface. Front page headlines simply no longer speak of student strikes or demonstrations.

So colleges and universities, obviously no longer the launching pads for a revolution, again become what they've traditionally always been—enfeebled temples of rationalism, little more than ivy-covered stepping stones to money and power.

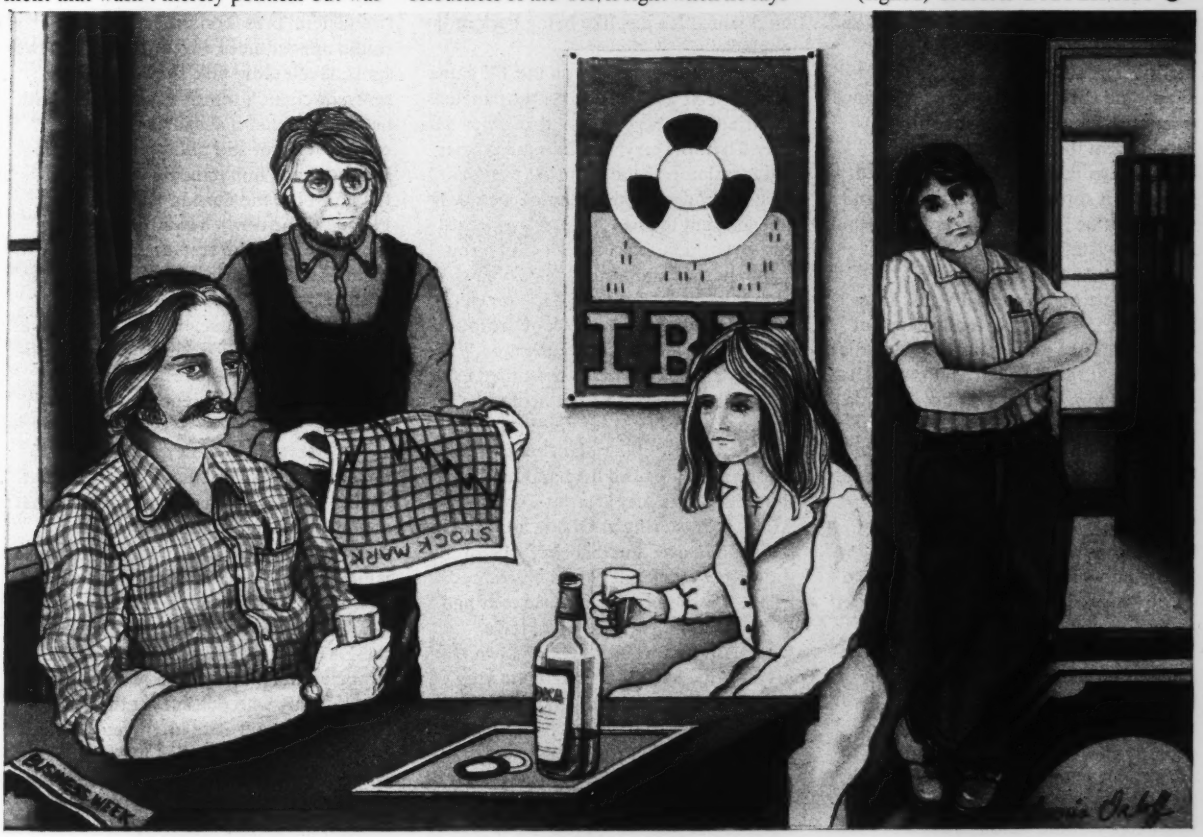
No doubt, the expansive movement of consciousness that launched itself from the campuses in the 1960s—a movement that wasn't merely political but was cultural, spiritual and sexual as well (indeed, part of what was so revolutionary about the '60s was that those terms all became so meaningfully intermingled)—is now, during this practically undisputed straightening period, not going to simply dissipate and disappear. The consciousness changes of the '60s are here with us to stay—as long as those who were affected by them remain. People who felt and internalized all that transpired in the '60s have certainly taken with them, wherever they've gone—be it law practices, communal farms, academia, business, whatever—certain "ways of being" that can be clouded but never lost in nonsupportive environments and nonsupportive times. Charles Reich, whose *Greening of America* sought to make palatable the new consciousness of the '60s, is right when he says that once an individual has experienced Consciousness III, he'll no longer be able to accept the old reality. But the problem is, if colleges have lapsed back into the old modes of consciousness, where will kids who are now in junior and senior high schools be able to taste, in a nonrepressive atmosphere, the fruits of Consciousness III—the possibility of living an at least partially sane life?

Campuses are no longer centers of revolution. They are enfeebled temples of Rationalism

For Theodore Roszak, author of *Making of a Counter-Culture*—a book that offered an historical context to the expansion of consciousness that erupted in the mid-'60s—it's still too early to worry about the problem. "Maybe now's just a time to rest. After all, what's four or five years viewed historically." For the moment, he sees a number of offbeat institutions—meditation centers and nonconventional learning environments—as able to infiltrate the young. But long-range projections, he, like everyone else—sociologist, philosopher, student or politician—just can't make. As David Riesman commented: "With all that's happening or not happening on the campus, the future is entirely opaque."

Meanwhile, I sit in a toilet stall at the University of Massachusetts and read:

1984 IS JUST AROUND
THE DECADE—
(signed) CASSANDRA LIPSKY ●



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENIS ORLOFF

Innocent abroad

New York, N.Y.—A man who has lived 30 years on a jungle island is bound to be shy and unsophisticated, right? The tigers and hyped-up pussycats of the New York celebrity circuit will strip him of his dignity and eat him alive, right? And since Japanese Second Lieutenant Hiroo Onoda spent those 30 years waging a lonely guerrilla war against the United States, he is certain to feel awkward and nervous—if he is not simply crazy—within the enemy citadel. Right?

Wrong. Wrong. Wrong.

There he was on a TV talk show, for instance, submitting to the cheerful questions of two poised and elegant ladies. What, asked Mary Helen McPhillips, had impressed him the most on his return to Japan after 30 years on a Philippine island? Onoda grinned impishly. "The Japanese women were prettier and more attractive than before the war [groans of mock dismay from his sleek hostesses] because they are learning to imitate American women [squeals of delight on the airwaves]." He had been in the United States less than 60 hours.

Or, there he was mugging for the cameras on the lawn of a Westchester home, where a "quiet" lox-and-bagel Sunday brunch in his honor had been expertly choreographed into a media carnival. A photographer spotted two male guests with huge heads of bushy, frizzy hair—blond Afros, really—and suggested that Onoda pose with them. As the two Americans tilted their cranial foliage over his head, the tiny Japanese peered up and said—without prompting, mind you—"It's just like being back in the jungle."

And there he was on the TV game show *To Tell the Truth*. After the panelists had tried to guess which of three men was truly Charles Terry, Onoda's interpreter and translator, Onoda himself came onstage to identify the genuine article. If he had spent the last 30 years acting just this sort of nonsense instead of eluding search parties and terrorizing Lubang Island, he could not have done much better. Onoda put on a look of profound puzzlement. He stared at each man, frowned, shook his head, examined each face again. He was so convincing that at least one member of his entourage breathed an audible sigh of relief when Onoda finally placed his hand on the shoulder of the real Charles Terry. Afterwards, staring at Onoda and shaking her head in awe and disbelief, one of the show's backstage managers murmured, "That was the best pickout we ever had."

Outlandish as it might have seemed to him when he came down from his mountain 10 months ago, the king of the jungle was plugging a book. In Japan *No Surrender: My Thirty-Year War* is already selling like rice cakes, and to make sure that the English version does as well, Onoda's charming, cheeky press agent, Betsy Nolan, served up living chunks of him to all the carnivores who feed on celebrity. During his three and a half days in New York, Onoda spent more than 30 hours nourishing the media. There were two general press conferences, four TV studio appearances, two or three TV news spots, seven radio talk-show interviews, seven or eight "exclusive" interviews with newspapers and magazines—plus an endless relay of still photographers who immortalized him dancing with singer Lisa Carol at the Persian Room of the Plaza, staring down a squirming live lobster at the Palm restaurant, taking pictures with his own camera from the top of the Empire State Building like any tourist and, of course, pretending to eat a bagel in Westchester. Betsy Nolan's inch-thick schedule for the rest of his 18-day tour of the U.S. threatened more of the same.

Most of Onoda's questioners had not bothered to read his book beforehand, so they started out on the assumption that anyone not named Don Quixote who sacrifices 30 years of his life for a lost cause is either stupid or crazy, or both. Over and over again, with bottomless patience, Onoda and translator Terry explained that the Devil of Lubang was not an ordinary straggler, not a horrendous example of that one guy who doesn't get the word. Specially trained as an intelligence officer, Lt. Onoda was dispatched to Lubang to wage guerrilla warfare and spy on the Americans. He asserts that a lieutenant-general personally ordered him to keep

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

fighting until the Japanese army returned, even if it took many years. And that order was never properly rescinded. Not until a major he recognized from his own intelligence unit came to Lubang last year and ordered him to his face to surrender did Onoda lay down his arms and go home.

Far from being a nut, a fanatical enemy of the U.S., Onoda emerges as a sane, civilized and witty man of great moral courage who likes French food, ballroom dancing, Toscanini records and a spot of brandy in his coffee. He admits to bad judgment: he should have believed what he regarded at the time as clever enemy propaganda, the loudspeaker appeals of Japanese search parties and the newspapers and leaflets and personal letters they left in the jungle to convince him the war was over. But he insists he was morally correct in following his orders, and he blames his lost years on the officers who forgot, in the confusion of defeat, the doomsday instructions they had given him and who left him locked in combat with a ghost. "It's ridiculous to think I was sitting there hating America every day for 30 years. And it wasn't just loyalty to the emperor. I was loyal to my duty."

Duty, of course, is a dirty word nowadays, and it doesn't sell books, which is what concerns Onoda most at the moment. He found no job in Japan, and he needs the book royalties to stock the cattle ranch he is starting in Brazil. If selling books in America requires him to answer prurient questions, to sing an old bandit ballad on camera, to have his palm read, to accept a "key to the city" from the bosom of a towering blonde and to race around Manhattan in a chauffeured limousine—and then eat sausages for breakfast at a cab drivers' cafeteria—if it takes bull to buy bulls, in other words, so be it. When you've survived 30 morally upright years without the aids and comforts of civilization ("Thirty years without pizza!" as one inhabitant of a radio control booth summed it up), you come out knowing exactly who and what you are, and you don't have to worry about losing your dignity. And that way you *don't* lose it, whatever you do.

So here is Japan's Rip van Winkle, eyeball to twinkling eyeball with the tigers and lobsters of New York, and beating them in their own zoo. Hustled away from a barely finished dinner to see himself on television, he marvels, "What a busy life! First you do what you do, then you watch what you did." How much money are you making from this book? a cynical World War II vintage newsman asks. "Whatever it is, it'll be more if you all buy it." When you were in the jungle, what did you wish for most? "A machine gun." What kind of wife are you looking for? "I want someone to help me on the ranch, so she should speak Japanese and Portuguese. And if I'm going to be sharing my life with her, she might as well be pretty. Do you know anyone like that?" What do you think of miniskirts? "Fine—depending on who wears them." Do you think that women are stronger and more independent than they used to be? "It's not that the women are stronger but that the men are weaker."

This man Onoda, though, was getting stronger and stronger. For his television debut—*The Today Show*—Nolan and Terry taught him an English sentence: "I am happy to be in the United States, Mr. Hartz." The next day, for Gary Moore of *To Tell the Truth*, it was "I am happy to be in the United States, Gary." Eight hours and five interviews later comes the Barry Farber radio talkathon: Betsy Nolan, listening and watching from the control booth, suddenly realizes that an opportunity to utter that golden prose is about to arise—but Onoda has not been prepped. Frantically, she scrawls BARRY in block letters on a piece of paper and dashes silently into the studio (all press agents must know how to dash silently—Betsy is very good at it). But Onoda is already speaking. "I am happy to be in the United States. . . ," he says slowly, and leaves it hanging there. Farber has started to roll out some hyperbole about Onoda's linguistic brilliance when Betsy delivers her note, just a second too late. Onoda sees it and picks up. ". . . Mr. Barry." Then, for good measure, "Thank you, Mr. Barry." The mighty word-slinger doesn't hear him, of course, but Onolan have had their say. Back in the control booth . . . . "He's too much," sighs Beaming Betsy, "he beat me to it."

An hour before Onoda boarded the Metroliner for Philadelphia, his limousine was taking him out of Central Park into the clogged traffic on Seventh Avenue. The transition must have struck a familiar chord. "When I came out of the jungle, Major Taniguchi told me I would be famous and would travel all over the world. I didn't believe him, I didn't believe it could happen so soon—but here I am." He seemed quite pleased with how things were turning out. Someone asked him what actor he would like to see portray him in the movie that will be made from his book. "Toshiro Mifune would be fine. But, on the other hand, if I did it *myself*, that would be better, wouldn't it? Do you think I would make $100,000 that way? That would buy a lot of cattle."

He could do it, too. And guess who would handle his publicity.

—By Rafael Steinberg

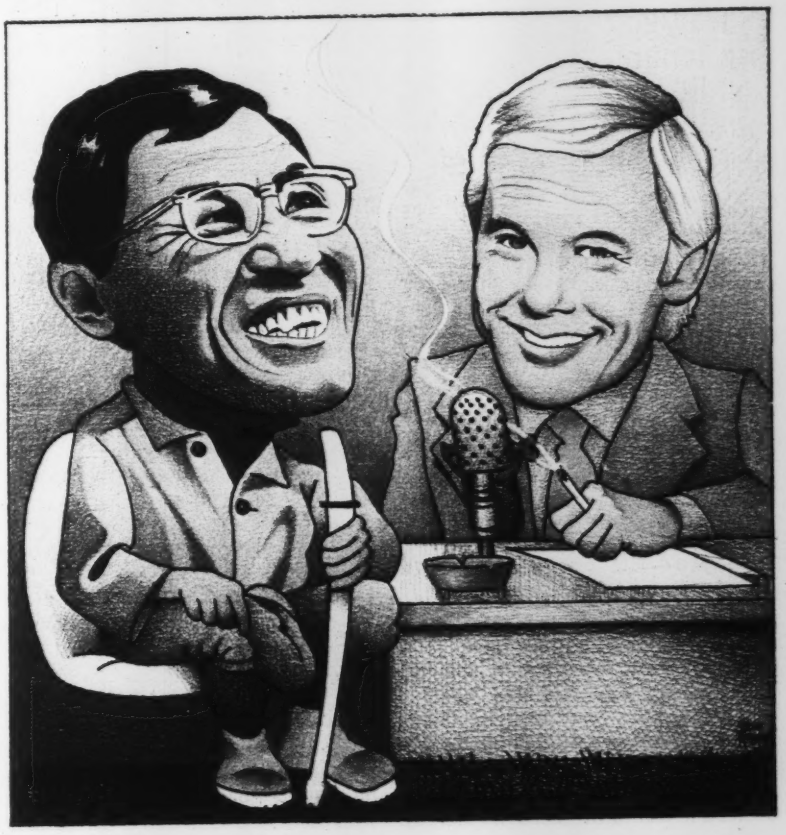


ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

Marina del Oz

It's a huge playpen filled with tenants who can call it a "lifestyle" without cracking a smile. Is it a blast, or a total turnoff?

By Annette Duffy

Oedipa had believed, long before leaving Kinneret, in some principle of the sea as redemption for Southern California . . . some unvoiced idea that no matter what you did to its edges the true Pacific stayed inviolate and integrated or assumed the ugliness at any edge into some more general truth.

Thomas Pynchon
The Crying of Lot 49

"I am psychosexually attracted to tall women," said Z.M. Alvi, Ph.D. "I must be honest."

"Be honest," I said.

I am five feet and eleven inches tall. Z.M. Alvi, Ph.D., a profoundly lethargic Hindu, is five feet and five inches tall. We were strangers at a party.

Z.M. Alvi proceeded to be honest with me about his ex-wife and children, who are in Malibu; about his troubles and divorce one year earlier; about his flight to Beverly Hills.

"My bachelor house," he said, "It was a big house."

He paused. I took note. A big house.

"But," he said, "I tired of Beverly Hills. Everyone there is married. I was not married. They are families. I was alone. They had no time for me. I grew sad. I came here."

Here, where Z.M. Alvi has come, is an apartment community that has become a famous example of California style.

It is surrounded by 17 other apartment communities, each of which is also a famous example of California style.

These 18 communities are built on the arms and edges of an artificial small-craft harbor, the Marina del Rey, or boat basin of the king.

Z.M. Alvi's particular community consists of 16 brown stucco buildings built on 22 acres at the periphery of this boat basin. It cost the R & B Development Co. about $22 million. It was once called the South Bay Club; it is now called Oakwood.

Oakwood has a swimming pool and a small hot Jacuzzi pool in the central courtyard. Surrounding the central courtyard are four volleyball courts, seven tennis courts, a tennis shop, a tennis pro to go with the tennis shop and a dry cleaning service below the tennis shop. There are coin-operated washers and dryers in laundry rooms throughout the development, a security guard and a recreation building with a sign out front saying, "The Clubhouse."

The Clubhouse contains a golf driving range, separate male-female health clubs, ping-pong tables, pool tables, a "craft studio," a TV viewing theater, a private party room and a communal party room, in whose center stands a circular brick fireplace containing a gas jet.

And, there is an Oakwood Garden Apartment Social Activities Director.

Finally, and of special interest to Z.M. Alvi, Ph.D., almost every resident of the 1,100 rental units at Oakwood is single.

I lived there for one month, and in that time I met only one married couple. Other Oakwood residents would say to me, "Look, over there—those two, they're married. Of course, they've only been married a coupla weeks."

For Z.M. Alvi this nearly 100 percent rate of singleness at Oakwood compares favorably with the overall rate at Marina del Rey, where only 70 percent of the 7,000 residents are unmarried.

At the party in a third floor unit of building G at Oakwood, Z.M. Alvi gave me his card. It said, "RadioLogical Sys-

tems . . . Diplomate—Amer. Bd. Radiology, Amer. Bd. Health Physics." In the middle it said, "Director Medical Physics." Above that it said, "Z.M. Alvi, Ph.D."

"The 'Z,' " he said, "stands for 'Zahoor.' " He took back his card, wrote "Zahoor" on it with a ballpoint pen and returned it to me. "Call me Alvi," he said.

"All right, Alvi," I said.

"I am thinking of having a party," he said. "If I have a party, will you come?"

"Why, yes," I said.

He took back the card a second time. It still had the Beverly Hills address on it. Above the address he wrote, "M-311. Oakwood." He gave the card to me again.

"I have just returned from a three month trip around the world," said Alvi.

I expressed jealousy.

"Oh no," said Alvi. "You don't realize what we have here. I spent many weeks in India on my journey. May I be spared that again, I was miserable wherever I went. I give thanks that I am home. May I never leave."

* * *

"I get a chip on my shoulder from all the people who come in and ask about the potato chip party," said the rental agent. "I mean, it wasn't even part of the facilities. It was a private party in the communal room."

A women with brilliant blue and silver eyelids, the Oakwood rental agent, was showing me a chart of the various color-coordinated units I could rent for a month. It was not clear to me why this woman was talking to me about potato chips.

"The potato chip party?" I said. I was thinking that I'd better stick with the furnished studio for $228.

"Why yes," she went on. "Someone spiked the potato chips with LSD."

Yes, I thought, what with the required $35 cleaning fee, the total for the studio would be $263 for the month. By the time you added the $35 cleaning fee to that. . . .

" 'Is that why they changed the name from the South Bay Club?' people always ask." This woman still seemed to be talking about potato chips. "It had nothing to do with it," she said. "They give me a chip on my shoulder."

* * *

The Los Angeles *Times* said, "At least 26 persons attending a Marina del Rey singles party took an unexpected hallucinogenic drug trip early Sunday after eating food apparently spiked with LSD.

"Seventeen persons were hospitalized, including three women seriously ill and one man, with a heart condition, who was in a coma for several hours. . . . Some were unusually happy. Some were sick. People were screaming. Some said the walls were moving."

"I was there when only two buildings were finished," said Roy Baier. We were standing under an aluminum light pole at the Marina del Rey Shopping Center. I had seen Roy's 1956 Mercedes 300 CBR parked under the pole. I had waited till its driver returned. I had wanted to meet the person who owned a classic four-door Mercedes convertible sedan with silver S-shaped hinge supports on the outside of the canvas top, supports like the kind you see on the sunshades of really classy English baby carriages. The license plate frame of this Mercedes said, "Live and Play, Marina del Rey." The license plate itself said, "C Chest." The owner turned out to be bearded, hazel-eyed and friendly.

"In the beginning," he said, "Oakwood was different. Oh yeah, it was great. Me and Pete the Pilot and little Alex. Good times. Nude swimming all the time. The girls didn't care; they were up for anything. God, one night we put a boat in the swimming pool. I used to get into the sauna with some Scotch and some broad; we'd sit there naked, feeling good. 'If you don't like it,' I'd say to the guard, 'kick me out.'

"It's all changed now. Christ, Oakwood's practically an old age retirement

The architecture of the Marina City Club complex mirrors the isolation within.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIAN LEVY

home. It was the potato chips.

"Yeah, I was there. We met a girl in a corridor just walking naked, staring straight ahead. Knew something was going on. We went down to the party room. You wouldn't believe it, just wouldn't believe it. 'Don't drink the liquor,' I told my girl . . . we just sat and watched, that was enough.

"It's funny, you know, but it's not. Pete the Pilot lost his license. Once you get that LSD into your system you never know when it's gonna hit again. Can't have a guy heading for a landing at L.A. International with 200 people depending on him, and he goes blooey all of a sudden.

"And little Alex. He almost died of a heart attack.

"Christ, it used to be great though."

* * *

"I have to make sacrifices to live here," Joyce whispered to me between her teeth. We were in The Clubhouse's TV viewing theater. Blue light flickered all around us. Seventeen men before us watched every move made by football players on The Clubhouse set. They sat hunched forward in their theater seats. They moved their shoulders to the left and right with the plays on the field as if their seventeen backs were one.

"Do you realize there are two men at Marina del Rey for every woman?" Joyce whispered. "And there are not so many fags here—none, really. I'm not against being a fag morally. You know. It's just to my advantage because the men here are more interested and available."

At 36, Joyce has divorced two husbands. She has daughters 14 and 16 in San Diego. She is a chain smoker, painfully thin, with a high voice. Two years ago Joyce graduated from college with a major in English. She put herself through. She works as a secretary for a realtor, but talks about a book she will write someday. It is to be titled *Some Girls Get All the Action.*

"The sacrifices are worth it,' she whispered. "On my salary, well, my place is only $208, but that's a lot for me to pay." Her whisper was interrupted by the sound of a popping beer can. "I figure living here is worth $50 a month in dinners, groceries, drinks—isn't that an awful way to look at it?" she giggled. Some men emitted compressed "shhhh" noises.

"But Annette." She looked at me hard with her blue eyes. "It's a *good* place to meet men."

* * *

Below and to the left of the Happiness-Is-Living-At-Oakwood sign on the activities bulletin board in The Clubhouse is a notice reading, "Children under age 21 may be entertained in your apartment, but are not permitted in any of the recreational areas or in The Clubhouse. Sorry, but there can be no exceptions to this regulation."

* * *

One afternoon, on the way to the garage, I approached the bank of mailboxes that separates buildings E and G. As I turned there, I heard children's voices laughing. Someone called out in a high young squeal, "Don't push *me*, Philip." I looked up to see four children, somewhere around 9 or 10 years old, walking toward me down the open-air corridor of building G. At the same moment, they saw me. Their giggles hushed, their faces closed, they huddled together. I smiled at them, but the four started to move backward like a herd of panicked animals.

"Hi!" I said. "What's the matter?"

They turned on their heels and ran back down the corridor. One day, a 3-year-old girl walked by me in a room of The Clubhouse. A kindly woman who is an Oakwood employee said, "I get complaints about that little girl all the time. Her mother brings her here two or three times a month for a few hours. There is no father. The mother has no one to leave her with, and I'm certainly not going to kick the little girl out.

Somebody spiked the chips with LSD and sent 26 people on a surprise trip. "They were really climbing the walls"

"You'd be surprised how many people here do not like children. They hate them around."

* * *

My studio apartment had gold carpeting, gold Westinghouse appliances and cream-colored formica counter spaces. The couch doubled as a roll-out bed. The area of kitchen and living room-bedroom was 20 × 12 feet. This was the entire studio, except for the bathroom, which opened off one end. From the bathroom one could hear the voices of people walking in the corridor on the other side of the wall. From the couch-bed, one could hear the footsteps and the keys of the neighbors when they left and came home. A sliding glass door stood on the opposite end of the studio from the bathroom. The door opened onto a patio, which opened onto the concrete grounds.

When I had lived here for three weeks, I became conscious that I had not seen an animal. Animals, like children, are not allowed at Oakwood. One evening I stood barefoot in the bathroom, staring at the damp green towel on the linoleum floor next to the shower. I thought, "I should hang that up to dry, but it feels good under my feet." As I stared, two inch-long shiny gray silverfish crawled out from under the damp towel. They moved across the floor. They dragged their three-pronged rear feelers behind them. They touched the linoleum before them with long thin forward feelers. They were utterly repulsive. As I stared, I realized the sight of them filled me with hope, made me happy. I let them be, and I left the damp green towel on the linoleum floor till my lease was up.

* * *

"The popular marina—largest small-craft harbor in the world, with more than 5,000 boats in slips or storage—is a highly desirable residential-social-recreation area for the affluent single set."

Los Angeles *Times*
August 31, 1969

"Among the countless contributions California has made to the art of living, currently one of the most popular seems to be the apartment house for bachelors of both sexes. . . ."

Joyce Haber
Los Angeles *Times*
September 25, 1966

"To be honest with you, it's a step above a motel, on a monthly basis."

Walter Eichenhofer, Director
of Properties at Calprop Corp.

* * *

"Let's face it," said Donald Deise, "everybody's got his own recreation bag. In the lifestyle thing, water's the *in* factor."

Donald Deise is a blue-eyed man who wears tweed jackets and wing-tip shoes. He is chief deputy for the Department of Real Estate Management, which is an arm of the Los Angeles County government.

"When the county built Marina del Rey," he said, "nobody knew how much people would want to live in a setting like this. But you've got the water. Our original expectations were recreational. We figured there'd be cabanas, boatels, trailer parks. Took us by surprise, the whole apartment thing."

* * *

The Marina del Rey lies like a fishhook in the side of the scimitar curve of Santa Monica Bay. It is a channel of

The writer is a free lance who lives in Malibu.

water two miles long, entering the land just south of Venice, crooking sharply to the north and rolling onward. Eight little arms of water open off this main channel. The peculiar fishhook shape was dredged out between 1957 and 1962 in a salt marsh that had formerly been given over to migratory birds, oil rigs and Hoppy Land. Hoppy Land, named for Hopalong Cassidy, was a Western amusement park where children could go and ride ponies on trails that threaded around the oil rigs. A young woman named Sandy who grew up in Venice told me recently she remembers that really young children could ride ponies tied to a slow-moving circular machine, a live merry-go-round.

It cost the United States federal government, the California State government and the Los Angeles County government $36,250,000 to turn Hoppy Land into Marina del Rey.

The boat basin of the king was financed and promoted to the federal and state governments as a recreational center which would serve the 7 million persons who live in the Los Angeles coastal area. It has become, instead, a high density permanent residential community.

Apartment rental rates at the former Hoppy Land are unusually high for Los Angeles, where housing costs are not like those in New York and other major cities. Outside the Marina, bungalows can be rented for $300, and I know people who rent whole bungalows and odd little hill houses in Hollywood and apartments in other parts of Los Angeles for much less. Slip rental rates at the boat basin of the king are among the highest on the Pacific Coast.

Last year the Marina del Rey yielded $4 million in revenues to the county of Los Angeles. This year it is expected to bring in $4.4 million.

* * *

"Let's face it," said Victor Adorian, "there's lots of competition for the public dollar. Here we made the most efficient use of public seed money and private development money. Without this plan there would be no harbor."

Like Mr. Deise, Adorian works for the Department of Real Estate Management. He is its head. His hair is black and white. His eyes are brown. His upper lateral incisors are missing. This creates black spaces next to his long white canines, and emphasizes them. Adorian's emphasized canines, together with his height and virile manner, give Mr. Adorian a threatening air.

"There's no problem really," he said. "The problem is these so-called ecology people want to continue everything undeveloped.

"Well, the point is, you can't open up desirable areas to lower income people without direct government subsidy.

"The theory these ecology people have is the Marina should be everything to everybody." Adorian strode to his office door and shut it. He strode over to me at his conference table. He hit his fist against the table's wood.

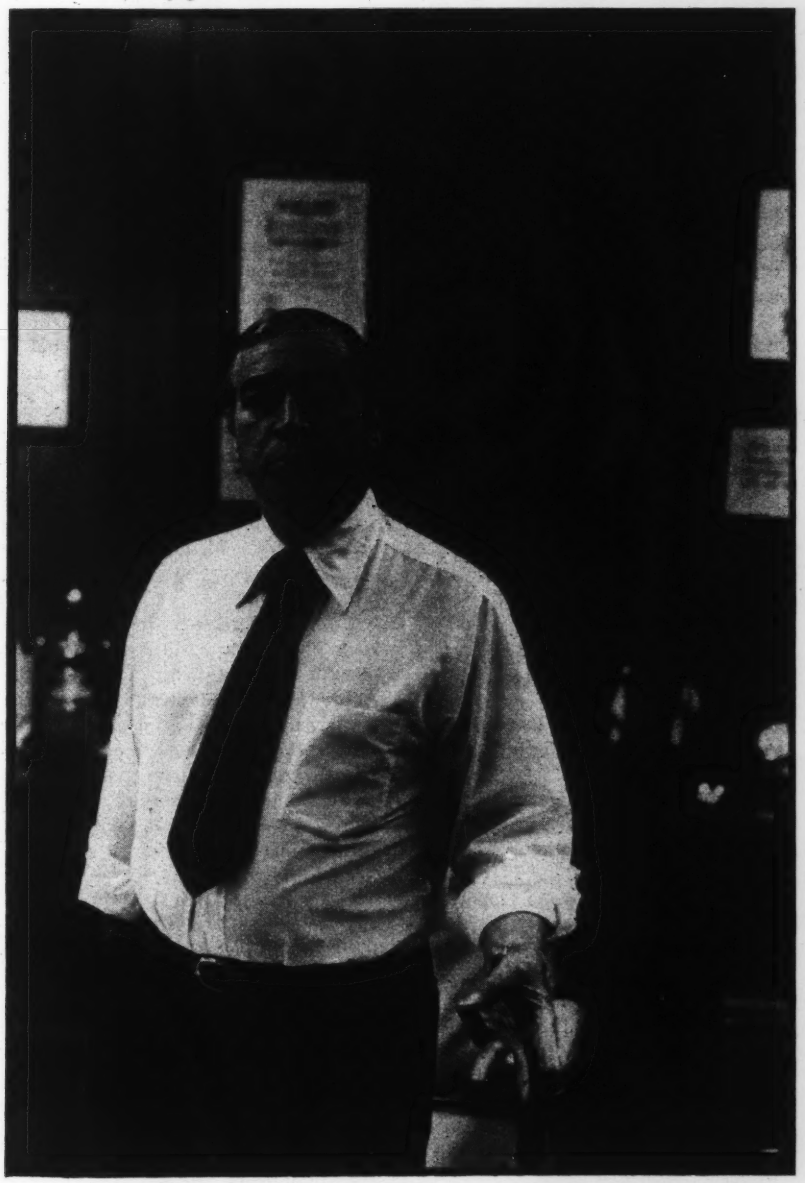
"Now let's get it off the philosophical plane of 'wouldn't it be nice if. . . .' I mean, even to have a crappy little boat and trail it in you need a minimum of $3,000. That's no poor man. I'd *love* to see poor people have this seashore area, but let's be realistic. What we got isn't so bad. We got a yacht club for everybody.

"Miss Duffy, developers are honorable men. Without them where would we be? Developers do what's cheapest, they do what's best. They've got the coast built up with stuff—it's improved, is what I'm trying to say."

Adorian's door opened, and a group of men in green madras jackets and crew cuts moved in laughing and talking among themselves, and so I left.

* * *

"When a plan comes to build a harbor by government," says Merle E. Wilson, "people with money in the pocket and in the bank are going to be trying to pressure government to give them this and give them that."



Philip E. Watson, who calls himself the historian of land values, talks about Venice.

Marina's transplated Up East fishing motif: tennis, anyone?

Merle E. Wilson is an engineer. In 1962, the year the harbor was opened, Merle was the Chief of Development and Operations at Marina del Rey.

"They didn't want the county supervisors to have that political pressure—you know, there's a little Watergate all the time—so they formed the Small Craft Harbor Commission, put five fine businessmen on it to resolve problems before plans were presented to the county supervisors."

Might businessmen have personal interest in developments at Marina del Rey?

"Oh no," says Mr. Wilson. "These were independently wealthy men. They had no motivation."

* * *

Aubrey E. Austin Jr. is chairman of the county's Small Craft Harbor Commission. He has held that position since the commission was formed in 1962. That was the year Austin was elected chairman of the board of the Santa Monica Bank. He had been president since 1950. Now he is both. One day I called Austin on the telephone. We discussed the Marina del Rey.

"Well, you know," he said, "it was planned as a motel-hotel complex, so we were concerned there would not be too much stability of people there. There was a turn all of a sudden: people wanted to live there. It was a one hundred and eighty degree turn, in 1964. We realized people didn't just want this a bunch of launching ramps.

"We planned it carefully. You know the apartment houses are limited in height, except for the Marina City Club and two others near Venice, on the edge of the Marina. Wanted to be sure we just didn't have a concrete jungle down there and cut off the wind.

"People shouldn't be living in those conditions those people in Venice are. Oh no. My dear, the buildings in Venice, they're falling down, they're a health hazard.

"The Marina's been a catalyst for healthy change in Venice. The traffic the this and the that brought in by the Marina. Why, no matter *what* kind of people you bring into an area, if there's a great influx, why, there's going to be change in a neighborhood, yes.

"My name's Don."
"Hi, Don."
"I read a great deal."
"Gee, that's wonderful, Don."

"We're going to get sidewalks in there so people don't have to walk on the streets. Do you know people are walking on the streets in Venice?"

I thought this was odd. I knew I had been walking on the streets in Marina del Rey, but not in Venice. There are no sidewalks in Marina del Rey, but Venice is an old strollers' community from way back. Lots of sidewalks in Venice.

"Yes, hmmm, like in Hawaii," said Austin, "nobody has to wear a tux, you can go as sloppy Joe or wear sports clothes, but, you don't have to have people looking like bums. Bums, that's how they look in Venice.

"My, yes, we saw that in Ocean Park." This is the tiny community between Venice and Santa Monica. "All those small cracker boxes we tore down there."

A huge area of clapboard houses on the ocean in this neighborhood was torn down a few years ago to make way for two white brick high-rise apartments—and a golf course. A fence surrounds the whole; a guard stands at the fence.

"A lot of people in Ocean Park were living practically in squalor," said Mr. Austin. "Do you know, my dear, I walked in one day and three rats—rats—ran down the hall. Yes. Rats. . . .

"Well, we helped them out. We—what's the word for. . .?"

Here Mr. Austin called to his secretary about the word.

"RELOCATION!! Yes, we moved them. . . . My, yes, the taxes will go up in Venice. People there are demanding better services."

* * *

Alan Ross is a peppery Englishman with curly black hair who does some journalism, some photography and some selling of Redwood hot tubs intended to bring on utter relaxation. He says soaking in them is best outside, so you can look up at the stars as you come undone. He and his wife have two bright-eyed little daughters, a homey clapboard house that's about 30 years old, and a front yard with kids' monkey bars, two fat white ducks, a tiny rubber duck pond and three chickens. The family lives a mile and a half from Marina del Rey, in Venice, on a dream-like street of small- to medium-size houses, neat, well-kept houses of the California bungalow style. The Ross' small street ends at the sand of Venice beach, 20 or 30 yards from their door.

Main Street—the major street—is 20 or 30 yards from the Ross' door in the other direction. Main Street was paved by Aubrey E. Austin's father, Aubrey E. Austin Sr. Aubrey Sr., in his day a partner in Brawn, Bryant & Austin, old-time Los Angeles contractors, paved *all* the streets in Venice and Santa Monica, and nearly all the streets in Los Angeles, before he became one of the co-founders of the Santa Monica Savings Bank.

Venice was developed 70 years ago, which makes it old by California standards. The community has had a chance to fall into some natural rhythms. Jack Kerouac lived in Venice in the '50s. The community today is filled with young, would-be filmmakers, hippies, low- to middle-income family people and a good-sized number of elderly Jewish people who live in beach-front hotels.

Alan Ross got a letter last year from Philip E. Watson, Los Angeles County Tax Assessor. When Alan opened the letter, he discovered that his property

taxes had been raised 60 percent. He talked to some of his neighbors and discovered he'd been lucky. Most of their taxes had been raised even more. The average was 80 percent. In one year's time.

Alan Ross says big business and politicians are trying to force him and his neighbors out of Venice so that Venice can be made into the next Marina del Rey.

* * *

"Let me talk about Venice," said Philip E. Watson.

I was sitting in Mr. Watson's office staring at the antlers, face and neck of an enormous elk the tax assessor had hung on the wall behind his head.

"I know Venice," he said. "It's a fine old area, and it's gonna get better. It's gonna get better for a variety of reasons, but it is not my problem *why*. The tax assessor, Annette, is merely the historian of value. He does not *set* value. He records it.

"Let me talk about Venice. Venice has been a sleeper. In World War II people didn't want to go west of Sepulveda. Venice then was older housing, but fine old homes."

Watson was moving his fingers along a yellow pencil, up and down, up and down.

"In 1942, when I first moved to California, the carnies lived in Venice. They wintered there, the carnival people. I used to go down and dump there after I bought my first house in Culver City. There was a dump there on the other side of Washington Street, where Hoppy Land used to be.

"This Venice hue and cry—they've focused on my office because we revalue property. I can tell you they have cheap housing and it's not going to *be* cheap housing. Is that clear? Lots of those folks, who wouldn't want to live in Marina del Rey, would like to have a second home in Venice.

"Now, my job is to assess property at its highest and best use."

I asked Mr. Watson about Proposition Twenty, the referendum for more controlled coastal development that California voters approved in November 1972.

"There's no doubt," said Mr. Watson, "that Proposition Twenty sh . . . sh . . . sh . . . sheds some doubt as to what the highest and best use of Venice is.

"You've got tremendous commercial development going on at Washington Street and that's going to affect value in Venice anyway."

"Where will the old people go?" I asked.

"I *said* that's an *economic* factor. Now, Annette, what I say will sound cruel and heartless, but it's not meant to be. They have to make some decisions. 'Can I afford to stay here or can I not?' Those people would be better off to sell their property, take the price they can get. . . . They're not the only ones in that position. My mother lives in Culver City and I've been trying to get her to sell her place for *years*. 'You can't *afford* to live there, Mom,' I tell her."

"Mr. Watson," I asked, "will Venice become another Marina del Rey?"

"Annette," he said, "I hope not. I look at these sterile garden apartments and . . . I wouldn't want to live in one." He noticed my eyes wandering to the elk head.

"Isn't he a beauty?" said Mr. Watson. "I shot him from five hundred and fifty yards in forty degree below zero weather forty miles southwest of Jackson Hole, Wyoming.

"As I was saying, these apartment houses near freeways. I was the first to point this out. I went to a funeral just yesterday with a dear friend from my office, and we drove on the freeway, and I pointed to all those stucco apartments that line the freeways and said, 'Bill, these apartment houses form natural buffer zones from the freeways to single-family housing.' Those trucks roll by at night. It's a regular noise, they get used to it—it's like ocean waves.

The 2nd Story Restaurant: the idea is to keep meeting new people.

Party-goer at poolside in Marina's unmatched, luxury Faustian atmosphere.

"Annette, my father is a desert rat. He's got a lady friend.

"Umm, they're married." His voice was very low.

"She doesn't like it on the desert. The dirt blows in under the door, she says nothing can keep it out, and she doesn't like cleaning it up all the time.

"Well, think of this. Dirt comes in from the freeways, grit gets all over pots, pans, furniture, curtains—and they don't care! The freeway dwellers! They're like my father. Desert rats." He seemed to come down all of a sudden.

"Our guys are human," he said. "My staff can make mistakes. But those people in Venice, what's that man's name? Alan Ross? There's some group protesting down there, and they're saying my assessment is based on speculative values. Well, I don't believe they are. Most of those people will be far better off to take their profit and move.

"The press is partly responsible because people are getting a forum where they wouldn't have before. I'll give you an example of irresponsible journalism. Channel twenty-eight here in Los Angeles ran a program saying speculators are putting money in my campaign, the Mafia is behind me buying up beach-front property in Venice.

"Annette," he said gently, "you know, in America we're great on conspiracies. We see them everywhere. I'm pretty sure the money there is clean. But it's none of my business—personal *or* official."

Watson's middle-aged secretary walked into the room at this moment.

"Do you want to take a call from Aubrey Austin?" she asked. "Or have him call back?"

"That is California. They turn off the waterfall at ten o'clock. Do you believe it?"

"I should take it now," he said, picking up his phone.

"Yes, Mr. Watson here," he said. Then, "Hi Aub." . . . Aubrey E. Austin Jr.'s voice is rheumy and loud. His habit of shouting into telephones made his voice audible all around Mr. Watson's desk. The conversation continued. "Ah, pretty good," said the tax assessor to the bank president . . . rumble, rumble, rumble. . . . "I know him well." . . . rumble, rumble . . . "Yeah, I talked to Bush and Howard." . . . rumble, rumble . . . pause. . . . "Listen, Aub," said Mr. Watson, "I'll be sending two of my guys over in a week or so to talk to you about my campaign next year." . . . rumble, rumble. . . . O.K., terrific, fine, take care, Aub."

The Marina del Rey is conveniently located. One need only drive down the San Diego Freeway about eight miles from the Santa Monica Freeway to the Marina Freeway, which takes you right into Mindanao Way, in the heart of Marina del Rey. The Marina Freeway is two and one half miles long. It was lobbied for in Congress by the developers who own residential and commercial leases at Marina del Rey. These developers have a club called the Marina Lessees Association, and they all benefit from an increased flow of traffic into the boat basin of the king. The real name of the Marina Freeway, although it is posted nowhere but in the books, is the Richard M. Nixon Freeway.

* * *

The Marina del Rey's private developers have been more munificent than government, whose investment barely topped $36 million. The developers have put $144,000,000 into the former Hoppy Land. It is expected that private investment will shortly reach a minimum of $172,000,000.

* * *

After living there for a while, I became fascinated by the idea that there might be people who never leave the Marina del Rey. Eventually I met Don. I was walking along the cobbled waterside street of Fisherman's Village at the time.

I hardly expected to meet a Don there. Fisherman's Village, you must understand, is one of the three spots at the king's boat basin which is open to the general public, where you can actually stroll and watch boats unharassed.

For this opportunity on a glorious day of billowy wind and fat white cumulus clouds I was willing to forgive the village its New England-style buildings of preweathered clapboard sides and hand-aged shingle roofs. I was almost ready to forgive it the three-story stucco lighthouse which lights strollers to an Orange Julius stand at its street level. But I was not prepared to forgive it the Muzak drifting toward me from the lighthouse square; when the tinny speakers broke into a medley from *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs,* I turned and hurried away. A man in his middle 40s speeded up behind me and grasped me by the shoulder.

"Have you ever read *The Psycho-*

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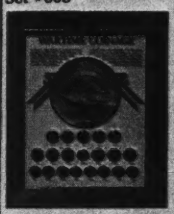

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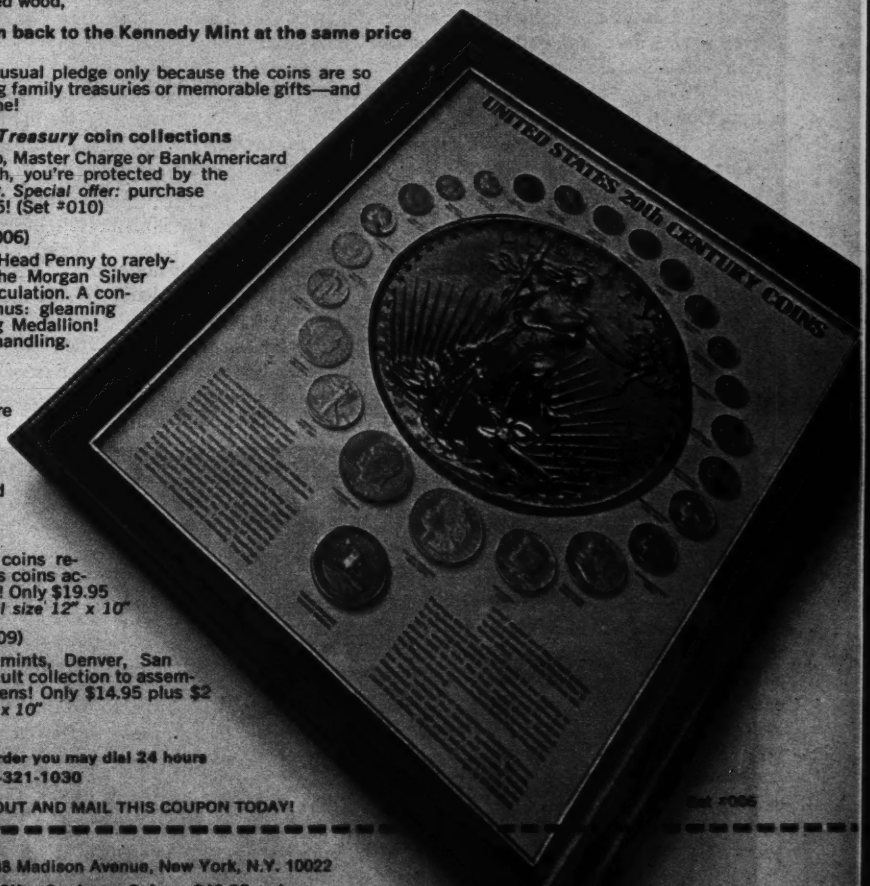

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logical Implications of Our Human Methods of Meeting Others in the Human Community by doctors Jules and Fanny Harvey?" he said in a rush.

"No, I haven't," I replied.

"Oh," he said. He seemed at a loss for a moment, but then he pushed on. "It's really a fine book," he said. "My name's Don."

"Hi, Don," I said.

"I read a great deal," he continued.

"Gee, that's wonderful, Don," I said. Then I was at a loss.

Don stood there. He smiled and smiled. He had enormous eyes, beautiful green orbs flecked with sepia spots, and one of the most innocent looking faces I've ever seen. There was undeniably something odd about him.

"What, um, what's your occupation, Don," I finally asked.

"I have the best job of all," he said. "Can you guess?"

I looked over his Izod shirt, khaki trousers and holey sneakers, but found nothing particularly revealing.

"Don," I said, "I'm afraid imagination fails."

"The best job of all is NO JOB!" Don grinned and grinned. "What I like best about my job is I have no routine, I do something different every day. I read psychology books and books on surfing and sailing—I've read every book in the Administration Building next door. Of course I surf and bike ride and swim, too."

"Don," I said, "where do you live?"

"Why, I live right here at Marina del Rey," he said. "I live in the Marina Islander apartments."

"Don, do you ever leave the Marina?"

This gave him pause. He seemed to be thinking. "I do leave the Marina sometimes," he finally said. "I leave every, well, maybe once a month I leave."

"Where do you go, Don, when you leave the Marina?"

"I go to see Mommy and Daddy," he said, "in Bel Air," a wealthy Los Angeles community.

* * *

Mariner's Village is a developer's ultimate fantasy of water life. On my last night in the Marina del Rey, I went to a party there. . . .

"You know what?" said the old man. "You're the only person here in jeans."

I had already noticed.

"You know what?" he said again. "I love you for it."

It was easy for him to talk. He had on green velvet trousers, a brown smoking jacket, a powder blue crepe shirt, black Gucci loafers, yellow argyle socks and a navy silk ascot. He exhibited panache.

"You look like Salvador Dali," I told him. He had enormous white moustaches, and looked like someone who would like being told he looked like Salvador Dali.

"Why thank you," he said, flicking his cigarette holder.

"Who's Salvador Dali?" asked Jennifer, the youngest person at the party.

"You don't know who Salvador Dali is?" said the old man. "You have no right to be a student at Berkeley."

Jennifer was hanging around me because she and I were the only women wearing leather-strap sandals with three-inch suede platforms.

Jennifer had come with her dad, Michael, who is in the cloth business. She is 20; Michael is a spritely looking 40, 45? Most of the men were Michael's age. Most of the women were 31, except for one lady with blond hair tied in pigtails. She was at least 45.

"I'm Little Bo Peep," she said to the hostess' brother. "Will you get me a drink?"

Green Velvet Vivien, a kindergarten teacher, stood between Little Bo Peep and me. Vivien's white breasts were pushed up to the top of her bodice, just nicely framed by the velvet of the dress and the green sequin bolero jacket that

Marina boat owners are, often as not, content to stay at anchor.

The Pacific is near, but it isn't hot and bubbly and conceived for congeniality.

covered her shoulders and arms. Her green velvet dress fell to the floor. She spoke to Vince Kent, a psychiatrist, about his apartment on La Cienega Boulevard in Los Angeles.

"Is it the one with the lovely diagonal knotty pine panels on the outside?" she asked. "Is it like the one in *Home* magazine last week?"

Vince, a stolid fellow of 34, said he couldn't say, as he'd never noticed the outside, and besides, he never read *Home*.

Home is a Sunday section of the Los Angeles *Times*. It carries a story and photos every week on a famous person's relationship with his or her house. A recent lead article in *Home* was titled: "Amid a Profusion of Contemporary Art, a Psychiatrist Copes with the Enigma of Human Personality."

Helen Reddy began to sing Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young on the stereo. I went out on the patio.

Water trickled near my feet in falls to shallow pools that run all around Mariner's Village. At 10 p.m. the water stopped abruptly.

"That," said Harlan Lee, "is California." He walked out behind me.

Harlan has a round nubbin nose, a high forehead and a quiet, gravelly voice. "They turn off the waterfall system at Mariner's Village at ten o'clock. Do you believe it?"

Harlan is a builder and a sailor. He keeps a $40,000 sailboat, *Free Spirit*, at the Marina. A giant nude woman decorates *Free Spirit*'s red spinnaker.

"All of Southern California is synthetic," he said. "We don't have a goddamned running river in this part of the state. If you think about it, there's a two-mile coastal zone, more or less, where everything is lush as hell; you go inland beyond that and it's dry as hell.

"The place is relatively new, has no heritage—no heritage at all. There's some history in San Francisco, nothing here. I'll bet in 1874 there were 80,000 people in all of Southern California. Look at it today. At the turn of the century the developer's gimmick was the Big Red Car, the electric railroad. They'd advertise like crazy—'Van Nuys—45 minutes from the city's heart by the Big Red Car!!' They'd subdivide large parcels of land into little teeny lots, thirty-foot, forty-foot, fifty-foot lots, make a deal with the railroad to run a line out, and that would be that. Those guys would peddle lots for $1 down and $5 a year.

"Today you've got places like Westlake. Listen, I built part of the place, and I wouldn't want to live there. It's plastic. But people want to get away from that big city thing.

"That's why our coast has got to change. Look at our coast. We have the most undeveloped coastline in the world. The mix in Santa Monica Bay is all wrong—a few houses, ten beach clubs, miles of public beaches—we should have hotels and apartments there.

"The state is guilty of the greatest crime by building parking lots at the beach. They should build lots in the mountains and have shuttles to the beach. We also need—I hate to say it—a good freeway out there.

"Jurisdiction over planning is *so* confused. The goal, of course, is to allow more people to use this great beach we have close to a great population center.

"But you know," said Harlan, "the county government can be bought all day long, that's why the county's so screwed up and the Marina's screwed up. L.A. City is so clean it's frightening, but the county—those guys react to their contributors.

"Well," said Harlan, "if they could have put a lock around Southern California forty years ago it would be so beautiful today. So beautiful. But what the hell? You couldn't and you can't.

"All the years I been in the development business, I always said if I didn't fuck up Southern California, somebody else would have, so it might as well be me. Look at the money in it."●

The wising up of Tiny Tim

In which a middle-aged innocent finally learns about hypocrisy and greed

By Harry Stein

Herbert Khaury had very little to do with his wedding. His agents planned the ceremony, held down to 10 minutes to avoid commercial interruption. NBC arranged for his wardrobe, hired the preacher and provided the church set. Johnny Carson, done up in a tuxedo for the occasion, played host to guest Phyllis Diller, who was present, and 40 million assorted others, who were not. And when the ceremony was over, Herbert Khaury, aka Tiny Tim, allowed himself to be led to Johnny's guest couch, whence he dutifully plugged the florist and the hairdresser.

A strong case can be made that American culture reached its low ebb that evening. Tiny Tim, a gentle soul of indeterminate age, uncertain talents and unorthodox inclinations, had for some time been the creature of managers, lawyers and accountants, but never before had he been so wantonly misused. This was the ultimate proof—if it needed any proving—that, as much as any personality in show business history, Tiny was a commodity to be packaged and sold according to the whim of his handlers.

For a while, no one, least of all Tiny Tim himself, had had any reason to question the arrangement. He had spent more than 20 years drifting through the gutters of the entertainment world—under such aliases as Vernon Castle, Emmett Swink, Rollie Dell, Larry Love, Darry Dover, Texarcana Tex and Judas K. Foxglove—and by the late '60s, already in middle age, he was ripe for exploitation. And the world was at last ready for him. Those were poisonous times and the better minds in the business understood that, in a society desperate for diversion, oddity was an asset. Tiny, with the voice of a shaky songbird, the look of Fagan and the personality of a blushing schoolgirl, couldn't have been odder.

The promoters slipped him into the public mind somewhere between the King and Kennedy assassinations, and the gravy train was on its way. In the following year, Tiny Tim sold several hundred thousand LPs and made over half a million dollars—more than 100 times his earnings for any previous year.

But curiosities are not known for their endurance, and by the time of *The Tonight Show* wedding, December 17, 1969, it had already begun to fall apart for Tiny Tim. He was told, to his stupefaction, that he was broke. He started to suspect that some of the individuals who were running his life might have been less than scrupulous. And he began to understand that something that had never happened to him as Larry Love, the Human Canary performing in Hubert's Flea Circus in Times Square, was happening to him as a worldwide celebrity: almost everyone around him was treating him with utter contempt.

Times have gotten worse for Tiny Tim, much worse, and in December 1974, five years after his marriage, he finds himself in a room at a Holiday Inn in Decatur, Illinois, an alleged waystop along the comeback trail. The color TV in the corner is blaring, both double beds are in total disarray and the floor is littered with pages from the *National Enquirer* and the *National Tattler*, Tiny's favorite reading matter. The Decatur *Herald*, which that day runs the latest in a string of reports on the hijinx of his estranged wife, Miss Vicki, as a go-go dancer and a welfare recipient, is not present. Nor is the current *People* magazine, which includes a photo of Tiny happily defaulting on the rent for his Brooklyn apartment.

At the moment, he is preoccupied with other tidings from the fourth estate. "Oooh, yes," he says, padding across the room. Tiny has put on nearly 50 pounds in the past three years, and he moves like a dainty bear. "Miss Rona Barrett writes about me in the latest issue of *Rona Barrett's Hollywood*." He sticks a hand be-

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

neath a rumpled bed cover and pulls out a magazine. "Here it is." He clears his throat and reads. " 'Tiny Tim has *not* disappeared into Hasbeenland. Instead, he's gotten himself a new manager, a fifteen hundred dollar costume and a new act featuring some *girls*. Appropriately enough, they debuted it the night before Halloween. Beggars night, wasn't it?' " With that, Tiny claps his hands together, plops into a chair, throws his head back and laughs for a full 20 seconds—a truly joyous kind of laugh that starts in the back of his throat and rises to an ear-piercing trill. "One thing people don't know about Miss Rona," he says, suddenly quite serious again, "is that she is not only a wonderful person, but also quite an attractive woman." He pauses dramatically. "And that's very, very important."

Make no mistake about it, this is not your run of the mill human being. There has been talk that the public Tiny Tim is a sham, a fraud, à la Alice Cooper. The truth is that Tiny is, if anything, more bizarre in the privacy of his own bedroom than he is on any stage. Not only does he tend to communicate in inferences and non sequiturs but he is addicted to a routine that would try the most conscientious of seminarians. He never leaves his room, partly because he is afraid someone will hurt him, partly because he doesn't think there's anything particularly interesting to do outside. He showers, in bathrooms reserved for his use alone, as often as five times a day, including, as he puts it, "every time nature calls." He also eats alone; his road manager, who has been with him for five years, has never witnessed him ingest a morsel of food.

Then there is his system of values, which is nothing less than medieval in character. For Tiny, forces of good and evil roam the earth in a state of eternal conflict, an omnipotent God eventually punishing all wrongdoers. He is certain, for example, that he himself will get his comeuppance for his fondness for the gossip mags.

But for all his . . . idiosyncrasies, it is hard not to like Tiny. For one thing, he is compulsively considerate. During the glory days, he used to drive his managers crazy with his insistence on responding to each and every fan letter personally, a task which, had he been permitted to pursue it, would occupy him still, years after most of the fans have forgotten they were fans in the first place. Then there is his utter candor; Tiny will say absolutely anything to anyone if he believes it is true, no matter how foolish it makes him look. And, when he realizes he is saying something foolish—which, granted, is only a small part of the time he actually says something foolish—he likes to laugh at himself.

And then there is his music. Apparently no one ever told him that he is only a curiosity because, appearances notwithstanding, Tiny is altogether serious about his music. Without prompting, he will whip out that little ukelele of his and play for hours, pausing between songs only to lament the futility of his struggle for perfection. Moreover, he is an acknowledged authority on the artists of the recording age's infancy—performers like Henry Burr, Irving Kaufman, Billy Murray, Arthur Fields and Byron G. Harlan—and he sees it as his mission to sustain their memory by accurately reproducing their sound. Particularly in person, he is able to duplicate the tinny-reedy sound of ancient Victrolas with remarkable fidelity.

When he is performing, Tiny can take on new, sometimes incongruous dimension. Doing a song about lost love, he suddenly comes on as knowing, even wise. A moment later, when he assumes his Rudy Vallee voice to do "Like a Rolling Stone" and then abruptly switches to his Dylan voice for "My Time Is Your Time," he might actually pass for a wit.

But most of Tiny's songs reflect nothing more witty nor wise than his own values, which makes them very simple indeed. When he gets to talking about women, for instance, Tiny will as likely as not take up his instrument, jut his chin upward like a hound baying at the moon and start crooning an old Irving Kaufman tune called "Stay Home Little Girl."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT BRENNER

Mr. and Mrs. Tim after a year of marriage.

A girl who stays home is a fool they may say,
But she's just the kind that men marry some day,
Don't go, you'll be left all alone,
Stay home, little girl, stay home.

Watching him sing that absurd little song, with a fervor that most people reserve for the national anthem in wartime, it is as difficult to comprehend why anyone would take advantage of him as it is easy to recognize the temptation. Surely whoever coined the phrase about "candy from a baby" had something like this in mind.

But the song leads Tiny in another—or, rather, a tangential—direction. "I don't know," he says, shaking his head, "I just wish Miss Vicki had understood the words to that song." And so he launches into the lamentable tale of his child-bride, from the time of their celebrated joint appearance on the Carson show to her recent swan song at a discotheque called Minnie's Lounge in southern New Jersey. "Before the marriage," he says, "I told Miss Vicki I was a hard person to live with. I eat alone, I don't like to sleep in the same b-e-d"—he spells it out, as he does all words that might be construed as relating to sex—"and we both needed our own washrooms. Plus my religious ideas—not believing in birth control or rhythm, but just having blessed events." He stops and looks down at his hands. "I had a prayer. I said to her, 'If you're using me for money or for a career, say it now.' I'd helped many girls before and they didn't have to marry me for it."

He pauses again and, just for a second, he looks like he might cry. "I was very happy with Miss Vicki. I was happy when I met her—ten after twelve, June 3, 1969, on a Tuesday afternoon at Wanamaker's in Philadelphia. She had the beauty I wanted. Unfortunately, it wasn't the same for her."

What it was for her, apparently, was drudgery. "She was spending a lot of money," says Tiny, "but still, she got bored watching TV all the time. I always treated her nicely, most of the time, but something wasn't clicking."

In February 1972, with her husband's career clearly in eclipse, Miss Vicki ran away with an 18-year-old model. It was a bit more than two years after her marriage, less than a year after the birth of their daughter, Tulip. She came back that time, but two years later she left for good. Tiny had just returned from a tour of Australia—$9,000 in debt—when she broke the news to him. "She told me, 'The last time I left you were on the road,' " he says. " 'Well, this time I'm telling you to your

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Tiny whips up a regular mid-American bacchanal at Decatur's Talk of the Town. The Tulips and Timmies lend support.

face. I'm tired of the marriage and I'm tired of you.'

"I said"—he assumes a tone of remarkable condescension—" 'My dear, you're aware of the consequences spiritually, and if you want to continue on this wrong path, I can only pray for you.' "

And that was that. Tiny, for his part, claims to harbor few regrets, less bitterness. "Yes, she had adultery," he says, "but I had sins in the marriage, too. I had an infantile mind, definitely not the mind of a mature person. I wasn't man enough to handle a girl like this. That was the main problem."

But he is not completely blind to the obvious; he knows what people think. "I suppose," he says, "the fact that the money ran out didn't help." He smiles. "But she had the face I adored. Maybe I bought a dream. Anyway"—this last he adds with sudden vehemence—"even though I would give her the greatest happiness by dying, we are still married in the eyes of the Lord. Till death do us part! And my door is always open to her. All I ask is that she take a blood test."

Of course, Miss Vicki isn't the only one who has left Tiny recently. Over the past few years, former friends and associates have deserted him in droves. At one time, Tiny had so many agents, managers, lawyers and accountants that he himself was entitled to but 50 percent of his earnings. At his peak six years ago, club owners, television producers and record executives vied for his services like so many love-struck schoolboys. As these things go, their ardor has given way to cool indifference; "Who needs him?" a talent coordinator for the Carson show told his manager recently. "Tiny Tim is yesterday's headlines."

Tiny, with a battalion of cliches at the ready, mainly shrugs it off. "When you're hot," he explains, "you're hot. The world loves a winner! Anyway, I'm grateful for the sunshine I did have. I had personal meetings with Mister George Harrison, Mister Rudy Vallee and Miss Tuesday Weld. I actually had the pleasure of sitting and talking—just like I am now—to the late, great Van Heflin!"

But there are other memories, too, memories that, despite everything, continue to sting. For a time, he was handled by a trio of high-powered Beverly Hills managers who, at the height of his stardom, had him on a salary of $100 a week plus room and board. "They said"—he laughs wistfully at the thought—" 'Listen, Tiny, we'd better not tell you how much money you're making 'cause it'll shock you and you'll tell the press.' "

What he was making, he later learned, was a goddamned fortune, as much as $50,000 for a single week in Las Vegas. And while the managers were keeping Tiny in the dark, they themselves were living fabulously: hauling down huge salaries, logging enormous expense accounts and bringing their families along—courtesy of Tiny Tim—on international tours.

None of which, as it happens, was illegal. They might also have stolen from him outright. Never having been permitted to see the books, Tiny has no hard proof, but when he finally got rid of the trio, in 1969 when he was still making big money, he was somehow already in debt.

Nor are the Beverly Hills managers Tiny's only associates who appear to have fleeced him. He will make excuses for them—"They probably had reasons," he says over and over—but when pressed, he can name no fewer than two other managers, three lawyers and an agent who probably took money off the top.

"I don't know," says Tiny. "I just didn't wanna challenge them 'cause it'd cause bad vibrations. I wanted to trust them." His sudden smile is sheepish. "Silly-nilly, huh?"

He falls silent and sits back in his chair, thinking about it. After a minute, when he starts talking again, he is not smiling anymore. The hurt is finally showing. "There was one time in Vegas," he

says, "when I got so mad I threw an ashtray at one of my managers. I'd done everything he ever asked me—even put his wife on the payroll—and he hadn't done the one thing I asked him. He'd come back from L.A. without bringing the megaphone I wanted for my act." He shakes his head fiercely. "I hate to yell. I'm a real coward. But when that happened, thank God to Christ there was no knife around 'cause I would have stabbed him."

The anger is coming out in a torrent now, maybe for the first time ever, and the ideas pour forth in free association. "They could take me to court for libel," he is saying, "but they know they're wrong. Until I hear it from the Lord, I'll know they're guilty. The one I threw the ashtray at, he recently had a heart attack. I say he had better make amends 'cause the next time he won't be so lucky. I believe in His power!

"It's very fortunate," he continues, thundering now, "that I'm not a dictator, 'cause if I were, I'd torture these people till they repented. I'd . . . I'd have them stretched on the wheel and the rats chew 'em. I'd . . . I'd have 'em hanging by their feet, with the lice and spiders creeping on them. There's nothing"—he's on his feet now, proclaiming—"like evil and robbing the poor and . . . and robbing widows!"

With that, Tiny Tim falls back heavily into his chair, spent.

Two hours later, Tiny arrives at The Talk of the Town, where he is to appear that evening. His road manager, Jim Cappy, meets him at the entrance. "It doesn't look good," says Cappy. "There aren't many people in there."

Tiny shrugs. "Two or two thousand, the show must go on."

He's hit it right on the nose; there are exactly two customers in the place.

Unfazed, Tiny heads for a corner booth in the back, where a reporter from the Decatur *Herald* awaits him. Cappy, an endlessly patient little guy with the look—down to his perpetual shades—of a mob hitman, collapses onto a bar stool and slumps forward, head in hands. "I see a place like this," he mumbles, "and I wish the night were over." After a moment, he looks up and surveys the scene. The Talk of the Town is made up of two dimly lit rooms, each with an inelegant bar, some booths and tables and a complement of waitresses with beehive hairdos. The tables and chairs are worn, and a faint odor disturbingly reminiscent of stale urine hangs in the air. The place is really nothing more than a neighborhood bar, and a shabby one at that. "This," says Cappy, "is the worst ever. The lowest!"

Jim Cappy knows. He has been with Tiny almost from the beginning, certainly since the beginning of the end. He signed on five years ago, along with his brother Joe, the ex-construction worker who is Tiny's personal manager, and Jim has been Tiny's bodyguard and best friend ever since. Which makes him angrier than almost anyone about the plunge Tiny's career has taken. "Some of those guys who used to manage Tiny," he says, "were just vultures. Vultures! And Vicki"—he rolls his eyes—"we knew her better than he did, believe me. She once told me that she wanted to be a movie star. All she wanted from Tiny was to get her there."

Cappy slowly rises from his stool and wanders to the back of the room, where Tiny is talking to the reporter about the Los Angeles Dodgers, about whom he cares desperately.

"Tiny," he interrupts, "it's time."

So Tiny Tim strolls into the other room, where eight people now await him, and swings into his act. Tiny's show has changed in the past year; before, he would appear alone, dressed in his crummy everyday clothes, his only accompaniment his own battered ukelele. Now he is preceded onstage by a pair of sexy girl dancers known—to their utter dismay—as the Tulips, and by a four-piece rock ensemble known—to *their* utter dismay—as the Timmies, and when he appears, it is in a glitter-laden tuxedo. The Tulips twirl about him as he performs, and the Timmies, behind him on a raised platform, construct a wall of sound. There are moments when Tiny, the centerpiece of this odd tableau, is almost lost in the confusion.

"I just didn't wanna challenge them," says Tiny, " 'cause it'd cause bad vibrations. I wanted to trust them." He grins. "Silly-nilly, huh?"

But the audience, which has started to build with the first number and by midshow fills almost half the room, seems to eat it up. Even the beefy guys in crew cuts, the ones obviously on hand for a look at the curiosity, get into the flow of things, and pretty soon they are whooping it up like everyone else. The booze is flowing freely now, the waitresses' beehives bobbing up and down like buoys in a stormy sea, and by the time he is ready to go on for his second show, the crowd, 200 strong and filling the room to overflowing, is ready to love anything that moves.

Tiny—and especially the Tulips—fit the bill. The response builds with every number, from foot-stomping for Tiny's camp-rock rendition of "Blue Suede Shoes" to raucously appreciative laughter for his version of "Make Believe," a falsetto-baritone duet with himself, to thunderous applause at his trademark number, "Tiptoe Through the Tulips." Tiny's act is certainly polished, a serviceable Vegas lounge act, but this crowd is treating it like the latest coming of Sinatra. Tiny, who seems used to this sort of thing, just grins and moves into his closing medley, taking the people with him. He sings "Roll Out the Barrel," they sing, too; he goes on to "Old Susanna," they come along. By the time he starts belting out "Grand Old Flag," his finale, half the audience is on their chairs, stomping out the beat and shouting out whatever lyrics they can recall. When the song finally ends, there is bedlam. A large part of the crowd screams for an encore, some people reel about in obvious confusion, a few grasp for Tiny as he heads briskly out of the room.

The owner of the place is thrilled. "He can come back here anytime," he exults, grabbing Cappy's arm. "Anytime!"

Cappy smiles and turns away. "Fat chance," he mumbles, under his breath.

Tiny is by now besieged by people, whom he obliges with autographs and small talk, until Cappy—who is haunted by the thought that some redneck will smash Tiny's face in—sidles over and suggests that he head back to the hotel.

"Aren't you coming, Mr. Cappy?" asks Tiny.

"No," says Cappy, "I'm gonna stay here until they cough up the money they owe us. If I'd used my head, I woulda gotten it between shows."

So Tiny turns and heads toward the exit. On the way, a middle-aged guy in a lumber jacket, dead drunk and cheerful as can be, staggers across his path. "Tiny," he slurs, "I just gotta tell ya you were terrrrific. Just grrreat." He slams a meaty hand into Tiny's back and continues on his way.

"What a really nice guy," says Tiny moments later, as he settles into the back seat of a Chevrolet between a couple of Timmies. "You meet such nice people out here in the grass roots." He glances out the window at the seedy drabness of downtown Decatur. "And what a nice town! They say New York is important, but it's places like this that really make up America." He smiles a full, radiant smile and hugs his ukelele. "Oooh," he says, "isn't it a lovely night?" ●

MOVIES

Acid fevers

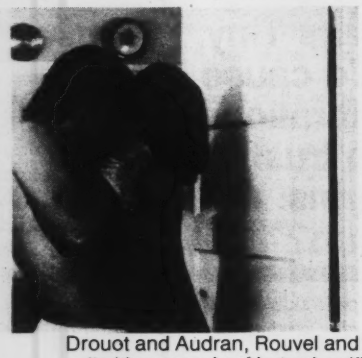
By Frank Rich

Claude Chabrol's 1972 film **La Rupture** (*The Breakup*), at long last going into theatrical release here (it had its American debut at the 1973 New York Film Festival), is a contorted, ghoulishly florid horror tale that advances with the rush of madness; it's so full of obsessive movements (of people, of inanimate objects, of the camera) that it often looks like the work of someone in the clutches of an alarmingly high fever. Like many of Chabrol's movies, *La Rupture* postulates a bizarre set of hypertense human relationships that can reach equilibrium only by means of a murder, but, unlike the director's characteristically elegant domestic melodramas (*La Femme Infidele, Wedding in Blood*), this picture is, stylistically speaking, bananas. At times *La Rupture* threatens to run away from itself altogether, and yet such directorial excesses seem less a function of sloppiness than of Chabrol's strenuous and largely successful effort to find a visual form that can best reinforce his story's drug-drenched ambience. *La Rupture* is a movie that is concerned with middle-class French provincials rather than the counterculture, but it has the delirium and terror of an acid nightmare—it's one of the best expressions of the dark side of the drug consciousness that I've ever seen on film.

The movie opens with an LSD-crazed father throwing his young son headfirst, splat, into a kitchen table and ends with brightly colored balloons sailing triumphantly upward into the palest of blue skies. A lot happens during the intervening two hours, but those two images well encapsulate the narrative's principal thrust: the film is a progression from anxiety to ecstatic release. The story is about a custody battle over the battered child of the first scene. Though husband Charles (Jean-Claude Drouot) abandons his son and his marriage to sink into the permanent languor of a human vegetable, his wealthy parents have plans of their own. The Regniers (Michel Bouquet and Marguerite Cassan), pluperfect examples of the kind of bourgeois villains endemic to Chabrol films, had never liked their son's estranged barmaid wife, Helen (Stephane Audran), in the first place and are now determined to remove their grandson from her care. What bothers the Regniers about Helen is that she's from the wrong class, and when they find out that such distinctions have no bearing in a court of law (after consulting a lawyer to see if she can be declared an unfit mother on such grounds as "indignity . . . immorality . . . vulgarity . . . lack of education"), they start to look for other ways to deprive her of her child.

"What a darkness utterly surrounds me," says the Jean Racine quote that introduces *La Rupture*; Chabrol's screenplay sets up a Gothic suspense plot that will eventually leave some of his protagonists strangled by that darkness while allowing others to escape, like those balloons at the picture's close, into the sunlight. Darkness is defined in the film by the interiors of two shuttered mansions where most of the action takes place—the creepy, *Psycho*-esque boardinghouse where Helen moves to wait for her son's recovery, and the Regniers' equally creepy upper-crust home. The link between the two houses is Paul (Jean-Pierre Cassel), a drifting, penniless cad whom Monsieur Regnier hires to dig up dirty evidence against Helen. "I'll weave a big cobweb and she'll be caught in it," says Paul as he busies himself gathering and spreading innuendo about the heroine. "When one's alone, one makes blunders." Masquerading as a terminally ill outpatient at the local hospital, Paul takes a room at the boarding house and starts to insinuate his way into Helen's graces—only to discover that the object of his sleazy investigation has exemplary morals and a spotless private life. Fear and panic soon drive him to develop a sordid plot by which he hopes to frame Helen as a drug-pushing, lesbian child molester and thus collect his blood money.

By pitting his defenseless, solitary heroine against clandestine forces fueled by a limitless supply of hatred, selfishness and hard, corrupt cash, Chabrol has come up with the basis for a wonderfully sick clash between abject good and evil. He then proceeds to fill the film out with baroque human clutter designed to make the screen quake with venality and musty intimations of death. At the boardinghouse, Chabrol crowds his protagonists with such tenants as a black-frocked, out-of-work actor who speaks in cryptic riddles and hammy soliloquies ("The world is hideous!" he yells at one point. "One lives with a knife in one's back! People aren't kind any longer!"), three spooky old maids who play out never-ending hands of Tarots, an "abnormal" adolescent girl with thick spectacles and an unseemly idiot's grin and the girl's father, a comatose drunk. Life is hardly much different at the Regniers', where guests in evening dress sit in stony silence playing cards while Charles lies catatonic in his bed upstairs, attended by white-suited attendants and a mother who reads him nursery tales. Surely the film's most hideous apparition, however, is Paul, who embodies more depravity than has been seen in a movie villain in ages. Paul actually says things like "the end justifies the means,"



Drouot and Audran, Rouvel and Cassel in Chabrol's *La Rupture*: a limitless supply of hatred, selfishness and hard, corrupt cash.

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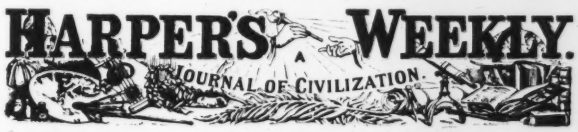

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My name is Tony Jones. I just quit my job as Associate Editor of Harper's Magazine because I had an offer I couldn't refuse.

You see, for some time now I've been hoping to start an entirely new kind of publication. Now the opportunity is here—*if* I can persuade you to help me make the most of it.

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And by you, I mean *you*. The new publication I'm asking you to help get started will be produced by its readers. By you, I hope.

As a matter of fact, the whole idea hinges on whether or not you contribute. Let me give you some background:

I was proud to work on Harper's Magazine, and I worked hard on it, but Harper's and other top magazines are committed to publishing the "best" writers in the world. This is understandable. And I agree we need this kind of source.

But this policy locks out communication of another, and in my opinion just as necessary, sort—different, honest, independent messages from the great numbers of intelligent and involved men and women who don't happen to be writers who know editors.

I want to offer a variety of communications from real people about just about anything. Short and pithy. Or longer if it plays that way. I'd have more by-lines than any other publication in the world. *If* my readers really did contribute.

In a real sense, this communication would be a collection of points of view. A swatch of our consciousness. An ongoing biopsy of our civilization.

When I announced my intention to Russell Barnard, the publisher of Harper's, he pledged that if I could actually develop the kind of magazine I wanted, he would publish it.

So I've decided to revive the famous HARPER'S WEEKLY, a national newspaper that flourished concurrently with the monthly Harper's Magazine from 1857 to 1916.

The people who ran that old weekly had the temerity to call it "a journal of civilization." Well, that is exactly what I have in mind for the new Harper's Weekly.

I want *you*, its reader, to write for it. I want you to write about your point of view from where you are. If you are a businessman and you want to talk about business, go ahead. If you are a housewife and you want to write about the effects of permissiveness on children, I think you are highly qualified. If you are a doctor who wants to pick up a pen and write a piece on your secret desire to become a hod carrier, I think it would be interesting.

Do you see it? A magazine containing people's thoughts and shouts. A kind of extended variant of the Op-Ed page of The New York Times, the letters to the editors of all times, hubbubby, and reflective of our civilization.

Frankly, many "experts" say Harper's Weekly doesn't have a chance. Reason? That you won't believe that I really mean what I say about *you* writing for it or researching for it.

Friend, I not only mean it, I mean it so much that *my* main worry about this enterprise is that you *won't* contribute.

I believe we need more exchange. We need more men and women of letters. People who can sit down and think something through and then write about it—not necessarily for posterity but to get the rest of us *thinking*.

Look, I'm also going to go out and buttonhole a person I think we should hear from who may not be a subscriber. And ask him to write. And I'm thinking of challenging some young artists to see if they can do as well with cartoons as old Thomas Nast did. I reserve rights like that. But once again, reader friend, the nub of the magazine will be your contributions, clips, original writing, or responses to other writing.

I've always felt it was a distinctly American trait that we *had* something to say. All of us. And that we couldn't be scared off or even bored off from saying it.

That when it came right down to it, we stood up and spoke our minds and left it at: "That's my opinion, bub."

I believe this is still true. And I love it about us. As for the reading, I believe we have a genuine and unfulfilled hunger to talk to each other.

O.K. If you're interested, you can help us in any of 3 ways.

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and when that end starts to slip from his grasp, his polished rogue's exterior starts to crumble; there's a fantastic moment late in the film when he rushes out into the night, then recoils in a reflexive, sweaty shudder as he passes under the light of a street lamp.

Cassel's performance is crucial to the film: were he to play Paul as a crude thug, the screenplay would degenerate into the 19th-century theatrical cliches that are at its base. Happily, Cassel is no everyday actor, and he makes Paul's amorality look so effortless and unpremeditated that the character becomes an almost humorous figure—if your taste in humor runs to the absurdly black. When Paul calls up Regnier to make progress reports, he's likely to be simultaneously sloshing down Scotch and feeling up his nude nympho girlfriend (Catherine Rouvel)—all the while cackling in the manner of a man so jaded that even matters of life and death strike him as being laughable trivia. Cassel brings an engaging sliminess to such hedonistically overstacked shenanigans, providing *La Rupture* with a feverish center that works well against the cool performances around him. As Paul's employer, Bouquet, no stranger to playing Chabrol's stuffy small-town Babbitts, is a splendid paragon of pomposity ("No scene here! No scene here!" he commands when Helen tries to confront him in his own home), and Audran again exhibits that mysterious, bleary-eyed intensity she has so often brought to her husband's films. When Helen finally storms out of the boardinghouse to claim her child—liberated at last from both her lingering love for Charles and the drugs with which Paul has spiked her breakfast orange juice—we can see the clouds of confusion and helplessness evaporate from the actress' eyes. And we're thrilled at the sight, thrilled that this woman will realize her vow to "remain a human being"—not in the least because Chabrol has taken us, as he takes her, into that netherworld where chemical and psychological poisons make one cease to be alive.

Sidney J. Furie's new film, **Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York**, is based on a novel that anybody could have written, and when Gail Parent wrote it, anybody did. Parent's most steady literary employment has been in the service of TV's *Carol Burnett Show*—a weekly hour of drivel that exists only because CBS's miracle spread of Saturday night sitcoms provides it with an ample carry-over audience—and the novel reflects its author's true calling, showbiz gag-slinging. While Parent does create a reasonably serious heroine—a bright but homely Jewish woman intent on finding a husband and, failing that, committing suicide—she then proceeds to turn Sheila into a stand-up comic who would be more at home at Grossinger's than in the pages of any book. The novel's scatological Jewish idiom invites the reader to feel he's reading something fun but serious, like *Portnoy's Complaint,* but to compare Parent's comic monologue to Roth's would be like comparing Charlie Weaver to Mark Twain. *Sheila Levine* exists only for its jokes, and each story development is merely an excuse to segue into a different shtick—a Jewish mother shtick, a singles bar shtick, a shrink shtick, a diet-fad shtick, a perils-of-Manhattan shtick or even a "fag" shtick (the book is preoccupied, however irrelevantly, with male and female homosexuality). We've heard most of the punch lines before, but they're cozy, and if you're in the right mood, that may be enough. There may not be any people in *Sheila Levine* for the reader to identify with (the title character has more in common with a comedy writer about to make a killing than a deeply troubled person), but those who want schmaltz can have it by reading their own sorry miseries into Sheila's amorphous, all-purpose shell. What really makes *Sheila* tick is its driving glibness; it's a fast read that turns chutzpah into conviction. We believe that Parent believes in the integrity of what she's doing, even though what she's doing is compiling an omnibus gag book not all that far removed from those that used to be available at any local novelty store. The most horrifying thing about the movie version of *Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York* is that it proves that Parent didn't have any commitment to her novel at all. The film's screenplay, which Parent co-wrote with her frequent collaborator, Kenny Solms, isn't even honest to the novel's dishonesty—and, needless to say, it sure as hell isn't honest to anything else.

Of course, there's no direct correlation between the quality of a movie and that of its source material, and great films are often made by perverting the novels that served as their original inspiration. The film version of *Sheila Levine,* however, makes comparisons between the film and the novel compulsory. The movie makes no sense at all, dramatically or emotionally, and the more I thought about it, the more I realized that even if it were to make sense, *Sheila Levine* would still be worth nary a damn. After seeing the movie, one is morbidly curious to find out what had attracted anyone to the property to begin with—once I read it and did find out, I was stunned by Parent, Solms and director Furie's inability to hawk their own, undeniably commercial goods properly. The movie not only corrupts the novel's fashionably downbeat conclusion—it ends with Sheila falling into the arms of a Mr. Right rather than into a coma—but, self-destructively enough, it also throws out the wisecracks that are the book's raison d'être. Without those zingers, the novel's rat-a-tat rhythm is lost, which is why the movie moves at the pace of a funeral cortege. One would like

Berlin in *Sheila Levine*: no sense.

to think this failure is a result of incompetence, but there are too many clues floating about the movie to suggest that the decision was intentional; apparently *Sheila Levine*'s makers became convinced that their movie would be *more* commercial if the novel's New York-neurotic-Jewish-comic veneer were dismantled. If so, they've gone and outsmarted themselves.

Sheila Levine has nothing going for it, including its new plot, which seems a mixture of the worst of *Marjorie Morningstar* and *Georgy Girl.* Parent and Solms' screenplay regurgitates one of the movies' oldest chestnuts: ugly duckling meets guy, ugly duckling loses guy to bombshell roommate, ugly duckling blossoms and gets guy. The characters are so ludicrous that they might give even cardboard a bad name—especially so in the case of the male protagonist (he didn't exist in the book), a suave doctor who manages to look immaculately groomed even after an all-night drinking binge. (Roy Scheider, who plays the part, is a cop-movie refugee who has some of George C. Scott's mannerisms and none of his or anyone else's personality.) Sheila herself doesn't amount to a hill of beans (actually, she amounts exactly to a hill of beans), and star Jeannie Berlin's performance is a disaster. In the novel Sheila sardonically speculates that her life could be a movie with Ernest Borgnine in the title role, and, believe me, Borgnine would already be an improvement. Berlin, like Cybill Shepherd, may be an actress who can only deliver in a film where the director exploits her for cruel satiric purposes, as Elaine May (her real-life mother) did to both her and Shepherd in *The Heartbreak Kid.* In *Sheila Levine* Berlin looks like a gawky, tired, dumb animal longing to be put out of her misery; director Furie seems fascinated by her face (there are many long close-ups), but the face tells us nothing we particularly want to hear. This Sheila is just a schlump—from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, instead of the book's Long Island—and when she gives herself the works at Elizabeth Arden in a last-ditch effort to win her man, the effect is not pathetic, as intended, but perverse: she starts to look like a clunky drag queen. As if that weren't enough, Parent and Solms give her lines that shouldn't happen even to a dog. When the doctor rejects her, Sheila departs with the huffy sally, "Why do you suppose we pick the people we choose to love?"—a question that the movie, in one of its few flashes of wisdom, never attempts to answer.

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nized scheme of things in *Sheila Levine,* you'd think that Furie (*Lady Sings the Blues, Hit!*) might have bothered to mount the movie slickly—forget it. The film has no allegiance to the city of its title (the neighborhoods where the action takes place look like "New York street" sound-stage sets from '40s Hollywood; no one's apartment seems to have a lock on the front door; singles bars are populated by equal numbers of blacks and whites, all dancing the identical steps), and even the most basic technical matters are beyond the director's skills. If two important characters approach each other at a crowded party, all conversation breaks off in the room, as if the extras, like us, were living statues trapped outside the action. As for the screenwriters, they let simple plot points slide by and look for ways to humiliate the performers. In one embarrassing piece of business, Sheila gets the idea that she can seduce a man by sashaying about like Sally Rand without the feathers. It's strictly Carol Burnett time.

What isn't incoherent in the film is often derivative, from Michel Legrand's musical score (shades of his theme from *Summer of '42*) to a gag in which Sheila tells her mother that she's going to get married even though the groom-to-be doesn't know it yet (an almost identical exchange takes place between Benjamin and his mother in *The Graduate*). The Jewish mom herself (Janet Brandt) is a caricature interchangeable with those of *Up the Sandbox* and *Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams,* among other recent films, and she's *Sheila Levine*'s only concession to its ethnic origins (as offensive a concession as she may be). For reasons of narrative convenience, the movie also aspires to take a gratuitous, crowd-pleasing stand against abortion; given what Gail Parent has gleefully helped do to her own book, that seems the film's most staggering assertion of gall.

The gay gore film—surely one of the more eccentric genres to rise to semi-prominence in American movies of the 1970s—may not be as easy as it looks. In his new film, **Female Trouble**, director John Waters (of *Pink Flamingos* fame) goes to embarrassing lengths to prove that campy naughtiness can be as numbing as any Dino De Laurentiis shoot-'em-up. The trouble is not just that Waters' sensibility is wholly derivative—Buñuel updated via Warhol—but that he communicates his borrowed world view with all the flair of an inept television director. *Female Trouble* is an absolute bore to look at (next to Waters, the Warhol Factory's resident director, Paul Morrissey, is Ernst Lubitsch) and that's no mean achievement when one is photographing dismemberment, raunchy sex and dirty underwear. While Waters might argue that tackiness can be a visual strategy (that is, an anti-movie form of moviemaking), his lackluster shooting style is not consistent enough in its mediocrity to carry the point.

Female Trouble is set in Baltimore, a reasonable enough definition of hell, to be sure, and stars the director's favorite leading lady, a 325-pound transvestite named Divine who (after she loses some hair) looks like some sort of overgrown, mutant rooster. By definition Divine is an affront to standard conceptions of reality, and much of the film relies on surreal reversals that parallel those emblemized by its star. We meet a fat old lady (Edith Massey) who is dying for her hopelessly straight nephew to "turn Nellie" and "find a nice beautician boyfriend," some beauty parlor entrepreneurs who serve mascara brushes as hors d'oeuvres with drinks and an abrasive adolescent girl (Mink Stole) whose principal form of entertainment is to simulate auto accidents in her own home with the aid of broken glass and ketchup. If the film can be said to have an axe to grind, it is to parody current movements in conceptual art: in the end Divine shoots a gun at a nightclub audience to prove that crime can be beautiful and "hard-core art" to boot. The electric chair, says the heroine, is the "biggest award I could possibly get in my field"—and get it she does, on screen, with the attendant media publicity serving as the officiating record of her ultimate aesthetic act.

Probably any description of *Female Trouble* is bound to make it sound more interesting than it actually is. One should keep in mind that Waters never translates any of his surreal set-pieces into visual terms and that there are many dull, dimly lit stretches of talk that even the occasionally witty turn of an obscene phrase cannot enliven. I did like an early gag about "cha cha heels" and a late one in which Divine turns on her public by boasting of an affair with Juan Corona, but the film is generally overwritten in a deadpan, repetitive Hollywood pastiche that could wear down even the most stalwart Maria Montez devotee. *Female Trouble* is a placebo for straight audiences who like to believe that they are engaged in cultural slumming; only someone desperate to be shocked could fail to notice that John Waters is the

Frank Perry, not the Russ Meyer, of the underground.

A new crime picture called **The Nickel Ride** sinks so low that it doesn't even have the energy to hit bottom. Usually when a B-picture has as little action and plot as this one has, one can expect that a few tits, car chases and/or massacres will be thrown in to kill time and keep the paying customers awake; this enterprise just drones on and on waiting for a miracle or maybe even Godot. I don't have any idea why Robert Mulligan, at times a most stylish director (*Love with the Proper Stranger, Summer of '42*), made this damn thing, and I don't think he does either. The film has been put together with so little conviction that it's a third gone before we're oriented as to what's happening (though, once we do find out, it's not hard to understand why the director wanted to keep Eric Roth's screenplay a secret). Some superb character actors (Victor French, John Hillerman, Bo Hopkins and Linda Haynes, the latter doing surprisingly well by the same part Lauren Hutton lamely attempted in *The Gambler*) almost make something out of nothing, and there's one good scene where the harried Mr. French and the gamy Ms. Haynes cook the hero some dinner. The hero, by the way, is a neighborhood "key man"—a fixer for the mob—who's on his way out, and he's played by Jason Miller, a brooding hulk of an actor who's so busy being introverted that he never really gets around to playing his part. "I'm getting old, getting slow," says hero Coop of his predicament. ". . . I'm tired and can't think straight"—a diagnosis that seems less applicable to the protagonist than to the men who dreamed him up.

BOOKS

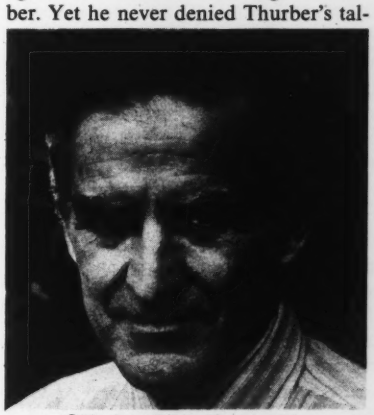
Hear, hear

By Geoffrey Wolff

Here at the New Yorker *by Brendan Gill.* Random House (406 pp., illustrated, $12.95).

The publication date of this book coincides with the fiftieth anniversary of the first issue of *The New Yorker*, for which Brendan Gill has written fiction, fact and criticism for all but the first decade of the magazine's existence. Indeed, he has written more for *The New Yorker* than anyone. It seemed certain, therefore, and perhaps proper, that his account of the magazine's history and manners be by way of a testimonial celebration, noisy with self-applause, merry with urbane anecdotes, interrupted from time to time by the fond audience's cries of *hear, hear*! as tales of the Algonquin round table were told once again.

Here at the New Yorker is no such thing. If Gill is a skillful raconteur and master of ceremonies, the ceremony he controls is more of a roast than a testimonial. His profile of *The New Yorker* is adroit and unsparing. He indulges in none of the kind of legendizing that characterizes James Thurber's *The Years With Ross.* His portraits of many of his colleagues approach cruelty, but stay shy of it because he is harder on himself than on anyone, and because it is precisely cruelty that provokes his distemper. Of all the magazine's Great Men, he least liked the late James Thurber, "that malicious man." Gill tells a fascinating, ugly story about his falling-out with John O'Hara because of his review of O'Hara's novel, *Rage to Live*, in *The New Yorker*. "It was in Thurber's nature to wish to inflict pain," and he convinced O'Hara ("a master of the fancied slight," in someone's killing summary) that the review signed by Gill wasn't Gill's review at all, but had in fact been written by Wolcott Gibbs, thus undermining Gill's integrity and turning O'Hara against Gibbs. Gill never forgave Thurber. Yet he never denied Thurber's talent, and sang Thurber's praises in print. His sense of scale is excellent.



Gill: drawing in the round.

And so it must be in his treatment of Harold Ross, who founded *The New Yorker* in 1925 with Raoul Fleischmann, and edited it till he died of cancer in 1952, when William Shawn became editor. Ross was, in Gill's view, "an aggressively ignorant man," anti-intellectual, rough, a bigot. He once scrawled on a memo pad during an editorial meeting the instruction "Hate Southerners" and told his managing editor to "keep bringing that up every week." He despised anything he could not understand: "Coons," he would say, "are either funny or dangerous." His taste was erratic. Gill calls him "a coward," and was never his friend, nor did he aspire to become his friend.

Yet what makes *Here at The New Yorker* such a surprising and excellent piece of work is that everyone Gill draws is drawn in the round, and seems enhanced by what least becomes him. By his accurate hand, portraits thick with the varnish of idolators have been restored to reveal what must be likenesses. Gill recollects: "And how hard I was on Ross as well! Even now, in this book, I see that the emotion with which I have written of him has been largely that of the impertinent young man . . . who wanted more of Ross than Ross was able to give, or, for that matter, had any reason to give."

James Thurber wrote that he and his colleagues were asked again and again by readers, "What will happen to *The New Yorker* now that Ross is dead?" And that A.J. Liebling replied: "The same thing that happened to analysis after Freud died." And so it must have seemed at the time. Ross was an eccentric. He had a passion for facts and for accuracy; he was a perfectionist whose will created the magazine's legendary checking department, and he worried every piece published in his magazine half to death. *New Yorker* casuals, the one-line cartoon caption, the captionless cartoon, Talk of the Town anecdotes, letters from abroad: all these depart-

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ments and categories and techniques that readers and other editors take for granted were developed by him, or under his direction. In William Shawn's summary, "It was not someone else who led the magazine to avoid whatever was shoddy, shabby, cynical, petty, sensational, gossipy, exploitative, opportunistic, coarse, pedestrian, or banal; it was Ross."

It was also Ross who treated writers and editors shabbily, shoddily, coarsely and exploitatively. Till 1945, at least, he paid miserable rates. He wrote to Geoffrey Hellman, one of his best writers, a man forever after him for better pay, that "writers are small-businessmen in the last analysis, manufacturing and selling their wares, and are subject to lonely responsibilities and hazards of small-businessmen. . . . You don't have, you say, 'much security.' That is true, but who does? You have as much security as I have. There is no such thing as security, and that's that."

Not quite so. Ross and Fleischmann made a pile on the magazine, which was debt-free and earning half a million dollars in profit by 1928. Fleischmann, in Gill's judgment "selfish," offered "no inducement to any of the actual creators of the magazine—writers, artists, editors—to acquire a single share." (The writers and editors who began with *Time*, and many another successful magazine, shared in its prosperity.) Ross finally saw the light about his writers: "I have been a party to robbing them," he wrote Thurber, "for I unquestionably sat around this joint for years and didn't see that authors were done right by."

You aren't likely to hear a writer complain today about the treatment he receives from *The New Yorker*, editorial or financial. Shawn, writing about Ross, said that his predecessor's genius was a function of creating "a structure and an atmosphere—a little world apart from the world—within which the writers and artists could fulfill themselves." As Gill many times shows, and as writers who have dealt with him testify, it is Shawn who is the supreme master of writers' needs. He makes certain they have enough time, enough solitude, enough space, enough money and enough help to do as well as it is possible for them to do in his pages. The results show themselves. The best journalism written anywhere in English is published in *The New Yorker*, no contest. (Fiction, beyond editorial control, and almost beyond editorial nurture, is another matter.) The editorials that have appeared recently in Notes and Comment manage week after week to restore perspective on this country's situation by coming at Vietnam or Watergate or energy or food not from one novel angle or another, but face-on.

A brief inventory: James Baldwin's *Fire Next Time*, John Hersey on Hiroshima, Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring, Eichmann in Jerusalem, In Cold Blood* and, recently, Noël Mostert's *Supership*. Now, as Thurber wrote of Ross, writers may come to the magazine because of its nature rather than be brought to it by its editor's prescience. ("I think the moths deserve most of the credit for discovering the flame.") Fact is, they write for *The New Yorker*.

The magazine has its quirks and cruelties. People don't introduce one another: Gill has never met George Price, who has drawn cartoons for *The New Yorker* since 1931. He barely knew Peter Arno. George Price has never met Lewis Mumford, who has written for the magazine since the year Price began. In Gill's experience, rudeness and cold indifference have been epidemic among colleagues on *The New Yorker*. (He tells a story about John Bainbridge who, when he was a new writer on the magazine, approached Wolcott Gibbs—whom he had never formally met—at the water cooler on New Year's Day: " 'Did you have a nice New Year's, Mr. Gibbs?' 'Fuck you,' Gibbs said, tossed his paper cup into the basket and walked back to his office.") The elegance of *The New Yorker's* paper, layout and advertising is in marked contrast to the squalor of its offices on West 43rd Street. Not the least amusing of the odds and ends of drawings, cartoons and photographs scattered liberally through this book are pictures of office details, broken doorknobs, blind alleys, broom closets.

Gill's autobiographical account of his boyhood in Hartford, and of his father, does credit to *The Trouble of One House*, his novel about a family growing up, like Gill's, without a mother. Gill's father, a doctor, spoiled his kids, and loved them half to death. Gill went to Yale, made Skull and Bones there and ascended steadily at *The New Yorker*, despite his distance from Ross. (He's now the magazine's theater critic.) He worships Shawn: "The magazine as it appears today is far more nearly a reflection of Shawn's mind than the magazine of twenty-five years ago was a reflection of Ross's." His astringent accuracy about the magazine earns him the privilege of lavishing his affection upon one man, at least.

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The quiet death of a rewarding game show

FINAL TRIBUTE

By Jordan Enid

Odds and ends for $40. Answer: This game show ran for nearly 11 years on daytime television before being taken off the air on January 3, 1975. Question: What was *Jeopardy*?

What was *Jeopardy*? To some, including some network honchos, it was just another game show, and today, during what *TV Guide* calls "the golden age of the game show," its absence could hardly be considered conspicuous—after all there are 32 others flashing their lights and hosts' teeth for our irrespective attention span. Hell, take off your socks and enjoy the remote control hit parade of the *Hollywood Squares*, the *New Treasure Hunt*, *High Rollers*, *Jackpot*, *The Money Maze*, *What's My Line*.

But you see, to some—most—of us who watched, *Jeopardy* was not just another game show. It was the best of a vanishing breed known as hard quiz shows, which have fallen on their hardest times since the scandals of 1959. With daytime *Jeopardy* gone, and with the syndicated nighttime version facing almost sure cancellation in the next few weeks due to lackluster ratings, hard quiz show addicts will be left only with ABC's *Split Second*, a remarkably sophisticated show from a production standpoint but really nothing more than a cerebral quicky. Can it be that audiences have been so conditioned by the surrounding morass of soaps and games that they no longer have the discipline or sensibility required by a show of *Jeopardy*'s caliber?

Because, above all else, *Jeopardy* was a demanding show. Not only did it demand your undivided attention, but also some general intelligence, good reflex reaction and, in a pinch, instant recall. This is not to give the impression the game was a complex one. It was really quite simple (in fact, Merv Griffin's original wife, Jule Anne, made it up on a plane ride). Just three contestants, choosing among five catagories, giving answers to statements in the form of a question. And that's where strategy came into play. How much to wager on the Daily Double? The chance to recoup ground when the prize money jumped in Double Jeopardy. And finally, the sum to risk in Final Jeopardy. Should you be like Arnold Palmer and go for broke and possible glory? Or should you play it safe (history shows women did this more than men) and tell yourself (a) some money is better than none; (b) you would have bet big, but you didn't know squat about Foreign Phrases; (c) the other guy has a master's degree and deserves to win? Winners were allowed up to five return trips while losers were consoled with an encyclopedia. Not Jungle Gardinia or a hot comb, mind you, but a set of encyclopedias! It was that kind of show.

MC Art Flemming keeps things moving.

The kind you looked forward to watching when you were home sick from school. The kind that, away at college, you and your friends religiously scheduled no noon hour classes to watch. But no matter how or where you watched, you came away with an unusual television sensation. You were being dealt with on the level. Your level. And if *Jeopardy* was demanding, it was also rewarding. Those rewards were a serve-yourself, educational smorgasbord of literature, history, geography, language and pop culture.

And if, at times, the show's host, Art Flemming, seemed as wooden as, say, Bill Cullen's leg, it didn't matter much. His straightforward tack kept the proceedings moving, and his dedication showed in his never missing one of the 2,850 shows.

Just as Art Flemming wasn't your slick game show host, neither was *Jeopardy* a slick production. Producer Bob Rubin made only one change in 11 years and that was in the first week of the show (a modification of the Daily Double rule). In fact, the only thing you'd notice in viewing old tapes of the show from year to year is the pace getting faster and faster as the contestants got smarter and smarter. And when Mel Brooks appeared as the 2000-year-Old Man to celebrate the 2000th *Jeopardy* show, and uttered those immortal words, "Art Flemming, you big massive, gentile you"—who'd have thought the game wouldn't make it to 3,000.

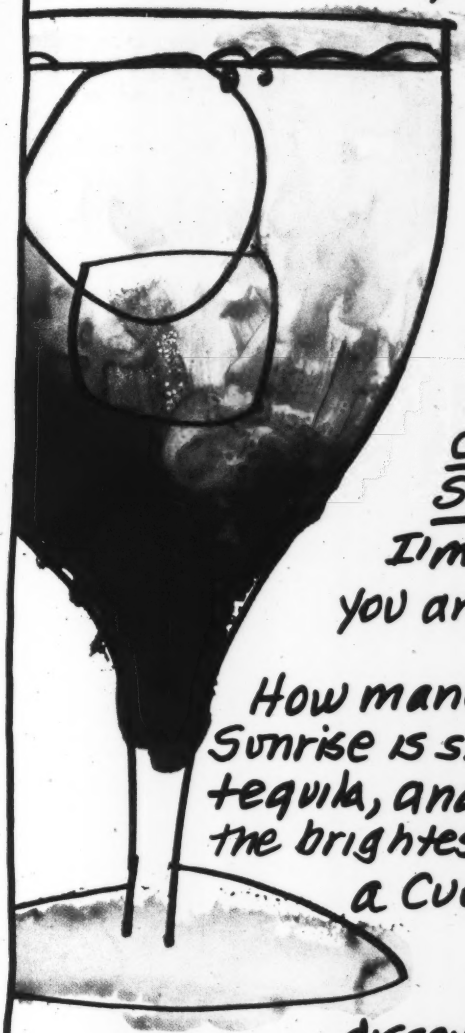
What is perhaps ironic is that *Jeopardy* was cancelled by the first woman network programming executive, NBC's Lin Bolin. Ms. Bolin's game plan for '75 called for new shows that stressed handsome hosts, high stakes and most importantly, little involvement on the part of the housewife. This thinking is certainly ahead of its time—by about nine years.

Of the 10 million people who now watch game shows daily, a goodly percentage of them can probably tell you within five dollars how much a Maytag washer-dryer costs, but how many could tell you in what country 72 percent of the doctors are women. Or who requested Shakespeare to write *The Merry Wives of Windsor* for another view of Falstaff. Or, in what Virginia building there are 30,000 employees and 87,000 phones.*

Art Flemming may have said his last "Thank you, Don Pardo." But daytime television looks like it's getting ready to play its own version of Final Jeopardy. ●

*Answers: The Soviet Union. Queen Elizabeth I. The Pentagon.

Ethel, After years of waiting for the Sunrise, the light just dawned.



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Alex

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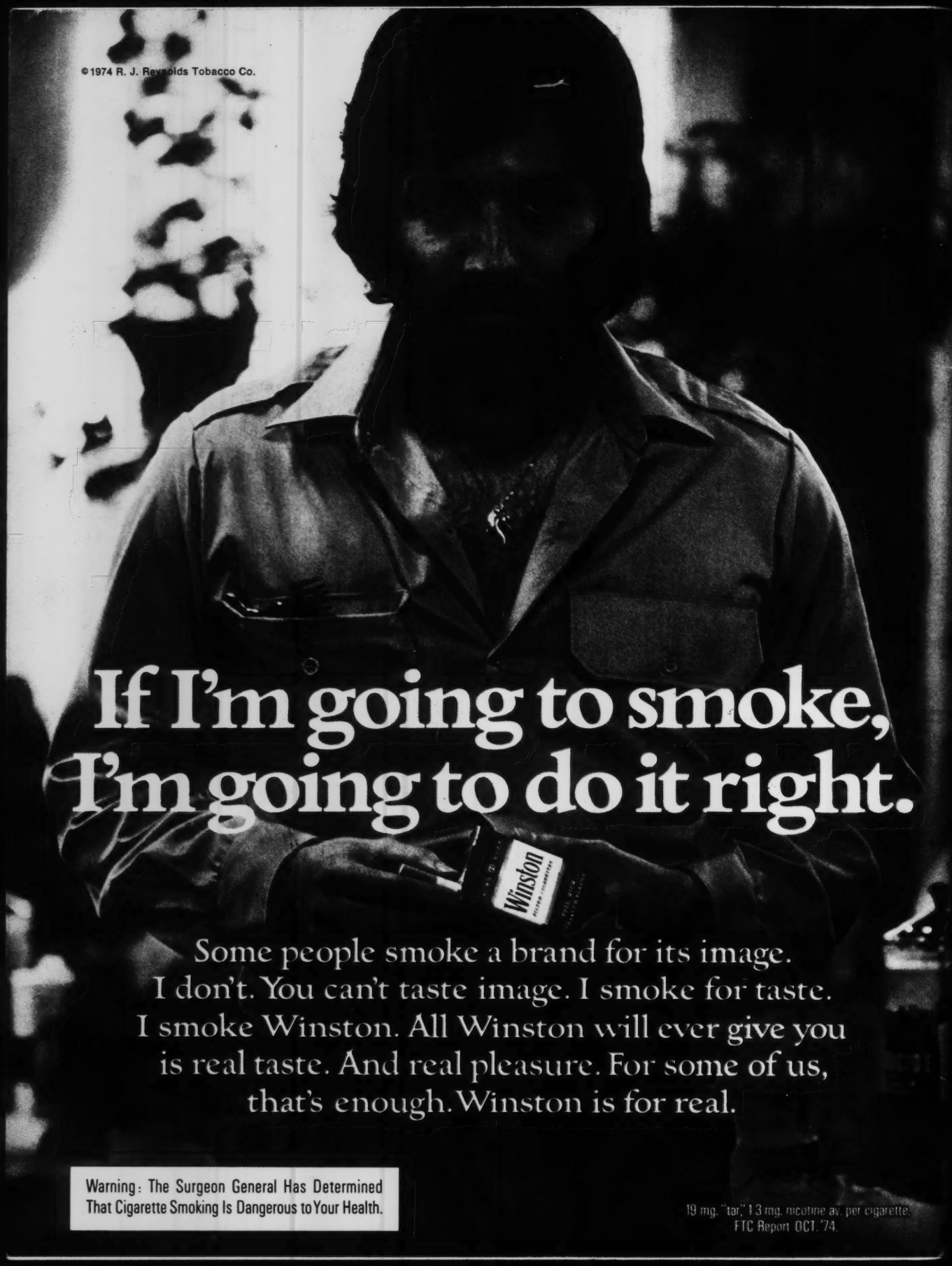
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